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MORE EXPLOSIONS EXPECTED! STARTLING REPORTS!!

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

A Cockney correspondent writes to me upon the proposition, recently made in the newspapers, that Londoners should establish themselves within a convenient distance of their work, otherwise than in the suburbs, and thereby avoid fogs during the winter months. There are many such places in the country, it is said, where the hours of sunshine have to be counted on both hands. My friend has found such a spot, and acknowledges its advantages. "It is pleasant in mid-December," he says, "to find your breakfast-room flooded with light, and to view through its window the squirrels leaping from branch to branch among the trees in the garden; also to watch through the winter foliage (almost as thick a screen here as in summer) the glimmer of the summer sea. But then you have got to leave it all in order to catch the morning express to town. Some people do not dislike travelling, but to others it is troublesome in the extreme: there is the fly, the railway carriage, and the cab to be made use of every day twice over. When it snows or rains these changes are still more unattractive. To suit your classic page I am expressing myself with moderation, but they are, in fact, beastly. I have never before properly appreciated the Day of Rest when one does not go to the City. The interest taken in our goings-on by one's neighbours is infinitely greater than that manifested in town: it extends from our pecuniary position to our prospects in the next world, and comprehends every detail of our existence, not excluding what we have for dinner. To the blameless man this should have no terrors, but I confess the beat of this fierce light of publicity renders a man of my modest nature a little uncomfortable. Then, though one may escape the fogs, one cannot escape what happens every day—the evening. There are no arrangements in the country for lighting the place at night. Of course, there is a moon occasionally, but its hours seem to be very uncertain. 'I don't presume to dictate,' as Mr. Jingle says, but it seems to me there should be some supplementary method of illumination when this inconstant luminary fails, just as we keep the gas on hand in case anything goes wrong with the electric light." This gentleman does not sum up his reflections, but, reading between the lines, one gathers that he prefers London.

In connection with his allusion to the want of arrangements for lighting the place at night, it seems probable that no less a personage than Sir Walter Scott would have sympathised with him. In the forthcoming *Life of Bernard Barton*, we are told there is a letter from the author of the famous lines beginning "If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aught," exhibiting a similar distrust of the moon. He sends an autographic copy of the poem by request, but admits that for his part he has never seen Melrose by moonlight. Still, he sticks to his advice—

Yet go, and meditate with awe
On scenes the author never saw;
Who never wandered by the moon
To see what could be seen by noon.

To the feeble-minded this confession on the part of Walter Scott will seem to strike at the root of everything; but there is really something immensely humorous about it, and the more so because it is so wholly unexpected; it is, in fact, more like "the new humour" than the old one.

How amazing to the Philistine mind is the perennial interest taken in the authorship of the *Letters of Junius*! As Mrs. Blimber would have died happy could she only have seen Cicero in his retirement at Tusculum, so a number of people express themselves as willing to sing "Nunc Dimittis" if this Junius question could be only answered for them. Is the interest in this matter real, or only one of the many affectations that cling to literature? The intrinsic merit of the letters is by no means so very extraordinary. The contributions of "An Englishman" to the *Times*, the authorship of which was only revealed a year or two ago, and even those of "Historicus," which still remain anonymous, were superior to them in style, while for bitterness and pungency the articles in the *Queen's Messenger* by Grenville Murray were not inferior. Except to persons who have the history of the epoch with which they deal at their fingers' ends, the letters are not very entertaining reading; indeed, even those arbiters of literary taste who profess that stone walls would not a prison make if they had "Gil Blas" and "Don Quixote" for company, have shown no disposition to add the *Letters of Junius* to their limited library. By some people, no doubt, it will be regretted that this much-vexed question is, as I understand, to be solved at last, just as the French sportsman mourned the demise of the woodcock, though he had been devising its death for many seasons; but to others it will be a distinct relief to have got rid of the whole subject.

It is no wonder that in these days of gush and sentimentalism some healthy natures should have a word to say in favour of the development of muscle. Nor is one, somehow, surprised at finding Dr. Conan Doyle one of those who are in favour of the revival of the once national

toast, "May the grass not be slippery and a forty-foot ring." No doubt there was virtue in fisticuffs; it is affirmed in the Latin Grammar (Comic), with an illustration to back it, that—

The faithful study of the fistic art
From mawkish softness guards the British heart;

but it must be confessed that there was also vice in it. It did not, as some suppose, generate chivalry. A young gentleman who knew how to use his "mawleys" at school did not always select persons of a like skill to engage with; he generally preferred those he could "knock about" with impunity; just as the duellist of the same period, according to the testimony of Captain Ross (a "crack" shot who was never challenged), selected as his opponents men who couldn't shoot. The fine fellows who went about redressing the wrongs of females in distress with their clenched fists were more often found upon the stage and in works of imagination than in real life. I am afraid the tendency of the art was to make its professor a bit of a bully. At the same time it did something, no doubt, to equalise matters, and nothing was prettier than to see some hulking ruffian disposed of in three rounds by a lad of science. Upon the whole, too, it must be admitted that it fostered the fighting instinct, which never needed encouragement from a patriotic point of view more than in these days. It is when Dr. Doyle, however, speaks in praise of prize-fighting that I think his charity gets the better of his judgment. Directly a man was trained to fight for money, it seems to me he lost any heroic quality he might have been possessed of. I am old enough to have known the British prize-fighter when he had not risen to the level of those international gladiators who hector for six months in both hemispheres, and then fight for five minutes for \$10,000; but in his modest way he was just as greedy, and quite as willing, though for a much less consideration, to sell the fight. It is remarkable, too, that he had a similar faculty of collecting round him the very greatest blackguards that could be found in all ranks of society. The sole object of these persons, beyond witnessing a most brutal exhibition, was greed; they never struck a blow at an adversary, nor learnt to strike one. If the pugilists could have been pressed into a regiment, it is possible some national advantage might have accrued from it, but the spectators derived no lesson of valour and endurance from seeing one man pummel another to jelly and bung up what they called his "peepers." Moreover, it was most unusual to have a fight "upon the square"; the verdict of the umpire was generally disputed, and the handing over of the stakes deferred; while in the meantime the sporting papers denounced the rascality of both combatants. I recollect being introduced as a boy to the Tipton Slasher, then in his prime; my feelings at the time were somewhat similar to those of De Quincey when he first made the acquaintance of Wordsworth, but my great man was the more affable. It shocked me afterwards to learn that this hero of a hundred fights was most admired by his backers for an ingenious device of "going down" in such a manner that his opponent could not stop himself from delivering a blow which, on appeal to the umpire, was always decided "foul."

The Society of British Dramatic Art is to be congratulated on its tenacity of life. If its own report is to be believed it has not "taken as read" but actually "gone through" over fifty plays by amateur authors! Fifty manuscripts of ordinary prose are, as I have reason to know, sufficiently deep wading, but when in dramatic form the perusal is far more wearisome. There is something in the frequent divisions and changes of speakers in a play which, unnoticed of course upon the stage, breaks the sequence and interferes with the interest of the production for the reader. Even the greatest plays have this drawback, and how terrible must be the task when the situations are absurd and the sentiments rubbish! This, unhappily, seems to have been the case with forty-three of these dramas out of the fifty. And yet the society is alive and even kicking; for when a proposal is carried that, "as the whole aim of the society was to assist the unheard author," the best of the bad plays ought to be produced, "the members of the committee successively rose and tendered their resignation." They had read the three-and-forty plays, and positively refused to be parties to their infliction upon the British public. In the end, only one of the selected seven was "unreservedly accepted." It was a one-act drama, and it is probable that its brevity had some share in its success. It is proposed to produce this shortly in company with a less modern piece, "Twelfth Night," when we shall see which "takes the cake."

One trembles in these dynamite days to imagine what the rejected forty-three—nay, forty-nine, for not to have been published is just as bad as not to have been accepted—think of the Society of British Dramatic Art. Of all writers those who have given their attention to the stage have always been the most thin-skinned. The playwright who said, when the audience began to hiss his piece, "So they have found it out" (meaning how dull it was) was an exception; and only Fielding could have printed on the title-page of his own comedy, "Printed, not as it was acted, but as it was damned." One may write comedies and yet not be able to

see the fun of their failure. The author of "Les Arsacides" (in six acts) complained that it was absurd that the town should find fault with what it had not had the patience to listen to. "Yet my piece is as generally condemned," he says, "as if the world had it all by heart." The only reason he could imagine for the failure of his work was its not being in seven acts instead of six, which would have explained what was perhaps slightly obscure. When a play does not succeed it is always in consequence of "a cabal"; in this case "it was particularly," says the author, "during the fifth and sixth acts that the cabal was most outrageous; because they knew these were the most beautiful, and deserved especial attention." I am told that this kind of playwright still exists.

One of Dibdin's sailors, with a fine sympathy for the sorrows of landmen, paints the terrors of falling slates and chimney-pots in a gale, and contrasts them with the safety of the open sea. I never expected to be of his opinion, but since Dec. 12 I have come round to it. The wind, the men of science tell me, was eleven—I have not the least idea what they mean by it, but if it had been twelve the inhabitants of the favoured spot in which we are at present dwelling, though many of us without a roof, must have been blown away. I suppose an earthquake would have been more serious, but it could not have given so many shocks. "Good heavens, what is that?" was our inquiry after each gust with its effects. Sometimes it was as though a bull had got into the china-closet: that was a shower of tiles. Sometimes it was a crash: that was thirty feet of wooden palings leaving our garden indecently exposed to the road. Presently a thunder-bolt seemed to strike the roof: that was when we lost our first stack of chimneys. Then something very long and wet and heavy would dash through our windows; that was the first fir-tree. There were so many trees across the roads that it seemed as though an enemy was expected, and an engineer (of whom we have several) had levelled the trunks for their destruction. Even where there were no trees down, there were fir tops and branches everywhere, so that the roads looked like a hairdresser's shop from which the litter had not been removed after the cutting process. I must admit that there has been no absolute catastrophe save that the sea at high tide, being blown up round the clubhouse, deprived those of our whist-players who couldn't swim of their afternoon rubber; while the benefits conferred upon carpenters, bricklayers, and plumbers have been enormous.

The story of the Indian Mutiny, though it has been told so frequently, has always its attraction, but we could hardly have expected to read anything new about it. Sergeant Mitchell's "Reminiscences," however, written from the point of view of Tommy Atkins, will revive the interest of that stirring theme. The more one hears of the matter, the stiffer the task of recovery of our Indian Empire must needs appear; and here we have the history of it from one of those who did the hardest work. The anecdotes of those unknown heroes who died in avenging the murder of our women and children at Cawnpore would disgrace in point of valour no tale of chivalry, and, what is more unexpected, they also abound in romance. The story of the man who joined the 93rd in order to see his enemy slain—a spectacle which, in due course, was vouchsafed to him—and of the female warrior "in rose-coloured silk trousers" who "potted" our men from a tree, would form capital material for a sensational novel. There were incidents, too, that redeemed that terrible campaign from its title of "a war of extermination." After the repulse of the rebel attack on the Shah Nujeeb at Lucknow, one Pandy counterfeited death with great skill, then all of a sudden sprang to his feet and ran like a deer. "He was still within easy range, and several rifles were levelled at him; but Sergeant Findley, who was on the rampart—and himself one of the best shots in the service—called out, 'Don't fire, men! Give the poor devil a chance!' Instead of a volley of bullets he got a cheer to speed him on his way. As soon as he heard it, he realised his position, halted, turned round, and, putting up both his hands, with the palms together, in front of his face, salaamed profoundly, and then walked slowly away, while we on the ramparts waved our feather bonnets and clapped our hands." There is a very remarkable testimony from Sergeant Mitchell to the recuperative effects of opium, and its sanitary value, which is the more important, as he is in favour of decreasing the use of alcohol in the Army. It is the same sort of evidence, only much stronger, as that which was given by the doctors in the Franco-German War concerning the remedial effects of tobacco. As regards the treatment of the Mutineers by our soldiers and vice versa, the Sergeant is as impartial as an Englishman can be. There were cruel and terrible deeds committed on both sides, but they have been much exaggerated. He passed through Cawnpore after the massacre, and examined the "slaughter-house" most carefully: there is no doubt about the atrocities committed there, but no writing on the walls was at that time to be seen; he found it on his return from Lucknow, and it was therefore not inscribed by the victims. The reports of Europeans being among the Mutineers, one is glad to find, rest upon very slender foundations.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

It was natural that the sudden and severe illness of Mr. John Hare should call forth expressions of very deep sympathy and affectionate regard. Happily the danger is past, anxiety is at an end, and directly the patient has recovered from the reaction of prostration that follows pain this popular actor and universally esteemed gentleman will be able personally to conduct the last rehearsals of Mr. Sydney Grundy's curiously named play, "The Old Jew." It may not be generally known that Mr. Hare is one of the best stage-managers of his time. Stage-direction is with him a positive passion, and I have often heard him say that the pleasure of directing a play in its preliminary stages is far greater to him than the enjoyment of acting in it. Among the celebrated stage-directors of our time have been the late Dion Boucicault, Charles Fechter, and Thomas Robertson. The best living exponents of this difficult art are Mr. Henry Irving and Mr. John Hare. It is all very well to think out a play at home, to play chess, as it were, with the characters in a study with miniature figures and a model stage; but the ideal stage-manager should be able not only to show his company what to do when they are on the stage, but should also be able to act every part in the play. I have seen Charles Fechter and Boucicault acting at rehearsal young men and old men, young girls and old women, giving in a flash the idea of the scene and the stamp of the character. A notable instance of this skill was shown when, after his success in "Hamlet," Fechter ventured on a revival of "Othello." Fechter and John Ryder alternated the characters of Othello and Iago. To start with, Fechter played Othello, and I am bound to say that it was not a very successful performance; but John Ryder, who was one of the old Macready school, and steeped in tradition, astonished everyone by a very remarkable, new, and original conception of Iago. His master had been the Frenchman Fechter. But when the time came for Fechter to play Iago, which he did to perfection, we all saw where the idea of the new view of the character originated. Mr. John Hare, who was, of course, a close observer of the methods of Thomas Robertson in the early days of his career, has studied long enough to improve upon his master, the consequence being that plays at the Garrick are produced in a style that is infinitely in advance of the Parisian school, which we all, at one time, looked up to as a model of excellence and finish. There are no theatres in the Paris of to-day where modern plays are as well produced as they are at the Garrick. Indeed, this perfection of stage-management is one of the glories of English dramatic art. I should like, for instance, M. Victorien Sardou, who is the best stage-director in France, to see with his own eyes the opening scene of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" at the St. James's Theatre—the scene, I mean, of the three friends at the dinner-table—one of the most natural stage-pictures that could be devised, the outcome of the combined intelligence of the author, Mr. Pinero, and the manager, Mr. George Alexander, who both studied under Henry Irving at the Lyceum. One of Mr. John Hare's earliest triumphs in this direction was the first production of Mr. W. G. Wills's "Olivia" at the old Court Theatre. No more beautiful representation of old English life was ever seen on any stage; and admirable as was the Lyceum production, it did not to my mind come up to that of Mr. Hare in his early days of management. Indeed, Mr. Irving paid Mr. Hare the special compliment, if I mistake not, of asking him to come to the Lyceum to superintend the Lyceum revival.

I was present at the old Prince of Wales's Theatre on the first night of Robertson's "Society," when suddenly a young actor, of whom no one had ever heard, made an instant success as a little taciturn and polished old gentleman, Lord Ptarmigan. It was not Mr. Hare's first appearance on any stage, but it was the first opportunity given him for making a mark. The whole flavour of the play was pungent and appetising, but the young actor, who was destined in after time to be the unequalled Sam Gerridge, Beau Farintosh, and unapproachable in "A Quiet Rubber," infinitely superior to the original Lesueur, and the "Pair of Spectacles," was taken to the heart of the art-loving public, and has never for one instant lost his hold on their affections.

I was reminded the other evening of Mr. John Hare's early successes when I saw at the St. James's Theatre a really remarkable performance of an elderly man by a very young actor. The Cayly Drummle of Mr. H. V. Esmond has, somehow or other, not received the attention it emphatically deserved. It is seldom that one sees such a complete transformation from youth to age. Mind you, it is not a question of make-up at all, though that is a triumph in the art of disguise. Mr. Esmond becomes an old gentleman in voice, in action, in temperament, and in manner. When we see him, when

we hear him, when we watch his little tricks of gesture, and follow his idiosyncrasies, it is impossible to believe that this is the young actor who played so admirably the dissolute boy in Mr. Pinero's "Times." Mr. Esmond has a great future before him, and in this case his task was rendered the more difficult from the fact that he had been preceded in the part by such an artist as Mr. Cyril Maude. But there is not a trace or shadow of imitation. The character is Cayly Drummle; but it has produced two entirely different men, not as like but as distinct as two peas. All round the acting of the play seems to have improved. The most difficult task falls to Mr. George Alexander, as the somewhat weak but ill-starred husband, who has never done an injury to a living creature, but is marked down by fate to endure twice in his life the most terrible domestic punishment that can fall to man. The calm, suffering, and refined gentleman, the undeserved martyr, is just the figure that the tragedy requires. Mrs. Patrick Campbell's Paula improves on acquaintance. After the first act it seems to me a performance quite faultless, a personation absolutely fascinating in its truth, impetuosity, and relentlessness. The woman's very heart and nature are laid bare for our inspection. It is all very terrible, but faultlessly true. I still think that the first act gives the actress occasional chances for a passionate abandonment, for the promise, as it were, of a joy that Aubrey Tanqueray had never experienced, for a mixture of passion and petulance which would remove one of the doubts ever present to the mind of the spectator and make the scheme more comprehensible. But that is a matter that cannot be discussed in the face of an artistic triumph. I can only thank my stars that fate guided my footsteps down to the little theatre at Colchester a few years back,



GENERAL GHOLAM HAIDAR, THE AFGHAN COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, WITH THE ESCORT OFFICERS OF THE BRITISH MISSION TO CABUL.

From a Photo by Mr. W. D. Holmes, Peshawar.

where, to my surprise, I discovered what looked like the actress of the future, an opinion heartily confirmed by the old friend at my side on that occasion—Mr. John Hare.

THE BRITISH MISSION TO CABUL.

The journey to Cabul, and the return journey to India, of Sir Mortimer Durand and his suite, with the successful accomplishment of the political mission from the Government of the British Indian Empire to the Ameer Abdurrahman, the ruler of Afghanistan, have already been related. It was on Oct. 2 that this Mission arrived at Cabul, having travelled by easy daily stages through the Jagdalak Pass, to Barikab, thence over the Lataband Kotal, on to Butkak, and into the Chardeh valley, where its members found a pleasant abode ready for them at Indaki, a villa palace erected by the Ameer for his eldest son, Sardar Habibulla, very handsomely and comfortably furnished. The Ameer himself was residing at Hashim Khan, two miles distant, and there was every facility for frequent interviews, while he showed the most courteous and cordial hospitality during their stay, till the middle of November. They had been met at the Afghan frontier, and conducted to Cabul, by the commander-in-chief of the Ameer's army, General Gholam Haidar—the "Sipar Salah"—with an escort of cavalry of the Ameer's body-guard. Every attention was bestowed upon them; and they were invited to inspect all that was worth seeing at Cabul. The Ameer's ordnance and ammunition factory, under the management of his chief engineer, Mr. T. S. Pyne, an Englishman, afforded surprising proof of the great improvements effected in Afghanistan during his rule of scarcely twelve years. This factory, with its chimney, is opposite to an old Mogul tomb. The Ameer has got large rifled field-guns and mountain screw-guns made there. The journey home was performed without inconvenience. Our illustrations are from photographs taken by Mr. W. D. Holmes, of Peshawar, on the arrival of the Mission at Lundikhana, on Nov. 21.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

Mr. Gladstone's fiat that the House shall meet on Dec. 27 has excited great wrath on the Opposition benches. It is regarded by the Irish members, who are indifferent to holidays and the duties of Quarter Sessions, as unduly conciliatory. There are some stalwarts on the Ministerial side who would cheerfully spend Christmas Day itself in the House, refreshing themselves at intervals by going out into the lobby to pull crackers with the Tories. But the sacrifice of Christmas week to the necessities of the Government business has deeply stirred the country gentlemen who sit behind Mr. Balfour. Sir John Dornington moved the adjournment of the House in order to discuss this portentous tyranny. He was supported by Sir Richard Paget, who said such a state of things was "intolerable." Mr. Gladstone replied that the whole question was whether they should proceed with the Local Government Bill or abandon it. Was it unreasonable to persevere? Mr. Balfour charged Mr. Gladstone with shattering the utility of Parliament, and Sir Henry James appeared to think there was something almost criminal in the desire of the Government to take credit for Mr. Fowler's Bill. "Why did they wish to pass it?" demanded the member for Bury. "Merely to get a party advantage." This impeachment reduced the occupants of the Treasury bench to the condition of men who were not quite sure that they were fit to live. Mr. Bartley and Mr. Bowles announced that if the House should meet on Wednesday, Dec. 27, they would spend a portion of the sitting over a series of well-considered questions to Ministers. Mr. Balfour declared that he should give no assistance to the Government in the advancement of business. So it is plain that the proceedings in Christmas week will lack some of the harmony and goodwill which are usually associated with the season.

As for the Local Government Bill, its chances of claiming the attention of the House have become somewhat fitful. During a brief spell of dalliance with the sheaves of amendments, Mr. James Lowther perceived the shocking negligence of honourable members opposite. Some of them were not even armed with copies of the amendments, and yet they presumed to cry "Divide!" It was necessary to call the attention of the Chair to this misbehaviour. Mr. Mellor, in his meek way, suggested that Mr. Lowther was straying from the subject; but Mr. Lowther was firm. "I shall always take the opportunity, Mr. Mellor," he said sternly, "when I think it is my duty, to call your attention to the disorderly conduct of honourable gentlemen opposite, who sit there without copies of the amendments in their hands." The Chairman dropped his face on the table, a picture of mute despair, and Mr. Lowther continued his discourse without further interruption. When the House reached Clause Nineteen, which provides new machinery for the

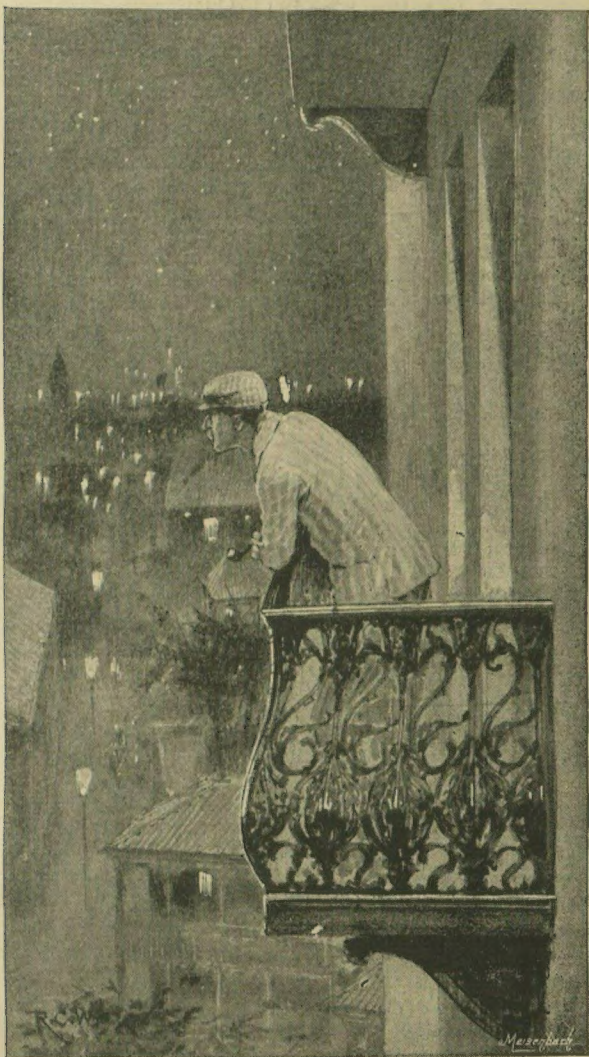
election of poor-law guardians, Mr. Walter Long proposed that the clause should be postponed. For this course Sir Richard Temple gave some weighty reasons. He said his constituents were in favour of postponing the clause. Not only that, but he had found throughout the South and West of England a strong feeling in support of this procedure. As Sir Richard has been in most assiduous attendance at Westminster since the autumn sittings began, the House wondered when this instructive journey through the south and west could have been performed.

Something is always cropping up to distract the attention of the House from Parish Councils and the poor law. There was the debate on the Navy, for example. Lord George Hamilton gave notice of a resolution demanding the immediate increase of the Navy, and a comprehensive statement of policy from the Government. Mr. Gladstone treated this at once as a vote of no confidence, and met it with an amendment to the effect that the House relied on the Government to take proper means at the proper time for the defence of the Empire. Lord George made a forcible speech in support of the contention that the Navy is now dangerously weak, in view of the great increase of the French armaments. Towards the end he dropped an unlucky phrase about the necessity of giving "one day of the weary, dreary Autumn Session to the public service." On this Mr. Gladstone pounced like a hawk. This, forsooth, was the purely patriotic spirit in which the Opposition had taken up the question of our national defences. For the rest the Prime Minister declined to see any grave peril between the present time and the date when the Navy Estimates would be laid before the House. Mr. Balfour thought this a "criminal" delay, and Sir Charles Dilke, who spoke as a candid friend of both parties, condemned them impartially. He objected to the Naval Defence Act of the late Government, and warned the Liberals that they would have to face the necessity of strengthening the Navy by regular and not spasmodic expenditure. This speech was heard by Lord Spencer, sitting in the Peers' Gallery, with grim attention.

LAST CHRISTMAS DAY IN INDIA.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

You cannot understand the feeling until you have experienced it! It was my first Christmas Day away from home, away from those I loved and who loved me. To all



I stood out on the balcony smoking a pipe

intents and purposes. I was companionless. On Christmas Eve I went to bed solitary, moody, disconsolate, at the Apollo Bunder Hotel at Bombay. They call it an hotel: I should have preferred to designate it a bare and comfortless barrack. Civilisation, the power of the Englishman, energy, determination, and enterprise have not yet succeeded in introducing the European hotel system to India. Never before in my life have I gone to rest on Christmas Eve with such depressing surroundings. It was not the fault of the hotel-keeper, poor fellow. What should he know of Christmas? There is nothing in India to remind you of it. The sun does not cease to burn by day. The nights do not cease to disturb your rest owing to a heat almost insupportable. The mosquitoes do not fail to worry you to madness, even though it may be the eve of our beautiful day of reconciliation and domestic love. There is little comfort in an Indian hotel, even at the best of times. But it was pathetic to go into the so-called smoking-room—in reality a public-house bar—to try and find a friend who would talk about home with you, and to discover instead a drinking counter adorned with trumpery little Twelfth Night cakes and boxes of crackers, and assorted sugar-plums and artificial flowers. They meant so well, poor fellows! But for true Christmas feeling I would sooner have been among the costers' barrows in Goodge Street, Tottenham Court Road. How could it be Christmas with the thermometer almost at fever heat? What had Christmas to do with that superb sunset effect; the awful, and to me unnatural, blood-red band of colour, the instantaneous extinguishing of day, the weird after-glow, the sudden indescribable chill; and then the purgatory of a stifling night? No, I could find no companion at the smoking-room drinking bar. I had not the heart to taste the unnatural cake or to disturb the Scho Bazaar flowers. Away I went up to bed, almost tumbling over dozens of snoring natives sleeping like patient dogs outside their masters' doors. No carpets, nothing but bare boards, the creaking boards of a barrack; and now I reach my room and find it as bare and destitute of comfort as Indian hotel rooms inevitably are. A rickety, tumble-down washstand, a solitary chest of drawers, a bare unfurnished iron bed, a flat mattress, and the mosquito-curtains that alone protect one from madness. It was reckless, it was foolish, no doubt to the native it was lunacy, but I could not endure that penitentiary of a barrack, that prison cell with the open window and the closed shutters, so I rushed to the window, flung open the shutters, let in all the insects of creation, and stood out on the balcony smoking a pipe under the myriad stars of an

Indian night. Over yonder was the lovely Yacht Club, an hospitable paradise of Bombay, but the lights were extinguishing. Outside the Club enclosure was the "Bunder," or port of arrival, the evening rendezvous of the richest and most influential natives and Parsees, who are graciously permitted in India to entertain but may not be entertained. They may look over the walls of the Bombay Yacht Club, but, even if invited, they may not enter its sacred precincts. Out to sea were the lights and the ships. Somewhere, thousands of miles away beyond the stars, was dear old England—oh! ever so far, where only imagination could travel. And away over there someone was praying for me!

It was a night of dreams, not of delights. I could not say how many hours I was on that Indian balcony gazing at the stars and listening to mysterious barks of the jackal and moaning wailings. I could not describe the skill with which I extinguished the light and crept like a guilty and a hunted thing under the muslin curtains. But I slept, and with sleep came forgetfulness.

I was awakened on Christmas morning by my faithful servant Pedro de Souza, an ink-black Portuguese Catholic, who had been recommended to me by my friend Mr. Edward Terry, the English comedian.

Yes, it was Christmas Day! The glorious sun streamed into the unsheltered window, the flood of golden light made more contemptible the miserably unfurnished room, that cost as much as a downy apartment at the Métropole at Brighton. The sun struck hotter than any August sun at home at midday, but the faithful Pedro de Souza had come to take me to Mass on Christmas morning. My servant would not allow me to play any tricks with my attire. No "Sunday go-to-meeting" clothes on this occasion. The sun did not cease to burn or to threaten sunstroke because it was Christmas Day. No, I must put on my white linen suit of dittoes, and wear my sun-helmet, and carry over my head my white-covered umbrella; for had I not to cross over an enormous plain of burning grass—what we should call at home an exaggerated plain, or moorland—before I reached the distant quarter where stands the garrison Catholic church?

These plains, or moorlands, are of great value in India, for during the hot seasons many military men and civilians camp out in tents, elaborately furnished, preferring this picturesque and Bohemian existence to the expense and worry of uncomfortable houses. Many a delightful dinner and luncheon have I enjoyed in one of the cosy tent-homes of Beautiful Bombay.

Over this vast plain, in the blinding, burning sun, stumbling over tent-pegs and disturbing the native youngsters playing cricket—for they are all cricket-mad at Bombay—I made the best of my way, with Pedro de Souza as my guide, to the Catholic church.

It was a pretty church, with one aisle open to the air, in fact, connecting the church with a lovely Indian garden full of exquisite flowers. It reminded me of an old English cloister garden, with a cross in the middle covered with clambering roses. "Seek roses in December—ice in June!" Yes; it was quite true; and in this tropical Eastern garden on Christmas Day, Bombay maidens were wandering in their exquisitely tinted "sarres," or flowing cloaks, and solemn natives were pulling at the punkah ropes.

Conceive it, if you can; the Christmas Mass, a delicious odour of roses stealing into the church from an open flower garden, the swish and swurr of the punkahs all over the church, and the "Adeste Fideles," virtually under an Indian sky.

And the Christmas dinner, what of that? Well, I gathered together around me a little band of "passenger" outcasts, and we dined together at the Club. The hospitality of India is proverbial, and no Englishman was ever so bounteously treated as I was throughout India, and especially in Bombay. But somehow or other, on Christmas

amount of friends; but he was naturally bound to leave the rôle of host for guest on this occasion. I began to think that I should have to order a dinner "all to myself," as the children say, and, like the heroine in the French play, to place my dear mother's picture in front of me and say "Je dine chez ma mère!"

But I managed to collect a desolate quartet at the club, and, wonder of wonders, one of them possessed a real, *bonâ-fide* home-made Christmas pudding. I also was the virtual owner of a specially delightful and historic Christmas pudding, only, unfortunately, it did not arrive in time for me to eat it. It was filled with lucky shillings, sixpences, and threepenny-bits, golden rings and tokens, and this lost pudding followed me round the world. It missed me in Calcutta, it failed to reach me in Ceylon, it avoided me in China and Japan, it eluded me in Honolulu, it rushed through America from the Golden Gate of San Francisco to the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbour, it crossed the Atlantic; and this most wonderful pudding, made in 1892, I hope, please God,



Bombay maidens were wandering.

to devour on Christmas Day 1893. But I wonder if the postal authorities have extracted the rings and the cash.

We had a fairly jolly evening; but a Christmas dinner in an empty club at Bombay is not a lively entertainment. We taught the "chef" how to make brandy butter out of a tin of Devonshire cream and cognac; the turkey was better than the roast beef, and the Scotch whisky was better than either, and we tried to be jolly, and we toasted



The Christmas dinner at the Yacht Club.

Day everybody is invariably going somewhere else. There was a delightful military bungalow in the lines whose master was a prince of good fellows, and who gave me a home indeed throughout my residence in Bombay. But on Christmas Day he was going somewhere else—the home at which he had dined ever since he came to India. He would have ordered a dozen dinners for me if I had cared to make use of his house, and I might invite any

absent friends; but I fear it was all a melancholy failure. It was all a case of make-believe. Christmas is impossible in India. You want the holly and the mistletoe, and the yule logs, and the decorated pictures, and the waits outside the windows, and the distant song of the jolly dogs, and the church bells, and the home, and, best of all, the kisses from beloved lips and the warm clasp of "hands that hold each other and are still."

IN DEFENCE OF THE GRAYLING.

When one thinks of it, there seems to be something in common between the minor poet and the fisherman. The M.P., as he himself avows in one of this month's reviews, is always sure that Nature is at her best at the moment when he happens to be singing her charms. If he be at his fell work in May, spring, and spring only, is the fit season for the bard; if in December, there is really an incomparable inspiration in the nude trees and the taciturn birds. That is odd, but it is not for the fisherman to cast jibes at the minor muse. He is himself illogical in exactly the same fickleness. You will find, if you read him in the journals of sport, that he is at his happiest on the Oykel, or on the Tay, or on some other salmon stream at the beginning of the year. What matters it that the wind freezes the line until it becomes as wire, or that the fly falls into the obscurity of a blizzard? The snow-laden gale adds to the joy of the sport—no true sportsman, indeed, could be happy without it. By and by the breezes are balmy

spoken of the fish in similar despite. "Its play," says Mr. Francis Francis, "is composed of a series of rolls and tumbles"; "when fairly hooked, it is easily subdued," Mr. Bowlker found; it is "an inanimate fish" in the opinion of Mr. Blaine. Walton, whose amiable habit is to take the best view of men and things, does his best for the grayling. It is "much more simple," he says, "and therefore much bolder, than the trout"; it is fragrant of the wild thyme, and "the French value him so highly that they say he feeds on gold"; and all well-informed men know him to be "very medicinal." Still, even Walton is hard put to it to think as well of the grayling as he would like. The very boldness of the fish, its recklessness under the temptation of any bait, particularly under that of a grasshopper, tells against it. The value of sport ultimately lies in the difficulty of laying your game low; and, therefore, as Walton finds little or no difficulty in bringing the grayling to grass, "he is not so good to angle for" as the trout. Then, besides being a rather poor-spirited creature, the grayling is selfish and a

by turns; and a very good basket it was in respect of both. It is not quite so easy to make out a case for the grayling on the other count of the indictment against him; but one might hint a suggestion. Perhaps all the contempt which has been poured upon the fish has exuded from pens at work when the trout and the salmon were in season. If so, the explanation is obvious. The prosaist anglers, like the poet minors, have been living in the inspiration of the moment, writing under bias of the optimistic fallacy common to the sportsman and the muse. At any rate, at this time, when one can do no better, it is no despicable pleasure to be at issue with the grayling as, unseen until its red fin flashes in the horizontal sunlight, it dashes at your red-tag. Unlike the trout, the grayling is invisible in its haunt. You see the fish not an instant earlier than you feel that it is there. Trout-fishing, in the grand manner, is a matter of stalking; you must take a snap-shot at the grayling. Next August one will prove to everybody's satisfaction that, even as the philosopher finds his fun in the pursuit of knowledge, and



THE "TRUTH" TOY AND DOLL SHOW AT THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

and the meadows are sweet with daisies, and the May-flies are "up." Who that is worthy to hold a rod doubts that this is the heyday of the year! Read the *Field* at that time, and see what a needless question that would be. There is a charm in the autumn too, however; the salmon and the trout are lusty then, and there are sea-trout in the lower reaches. By the same token—that of the *Field*—the charm of autumn is supreme. It is supreme, that is to say, while it lasts. Winter brings incomparable joys. The sunlight is never so lovely as when it makes crystals of the frozen dewdrops; never is the air so stimulating as at that time; and who is so unimaginative as not to realise that the grayling is the finest fish that swims, and the pursuit of him angling in its best estate?

A good many of us are unimaginative to that extent when other fish of the salmon kind are in season. A versatile man of letters and of sport, who writes learnedly in these pages every week, has declared that a grayling is no better than an eel. It is not a game fish at all, he thinks. It merely wobbles when a trout would rush, and never takes the trouble to break you by a leap into the air and a plunge into the depths. That estimate of the grayling is not a solecism. Many venerated anglers have

despot. It is generally suspected of bullying the trout, its own kin, of eating the trout's spawn, and of raiding the trout out of the river. In fact, the grayling is so generally regarded as a very Matabili among fish that there is scarce a proprietor of a trout stream who will lend it countenance.

There is reason for doubting whether the grayling is so bad as it is painted. Certainly there are cases in which the introduction of the grayling into a stream has been followed by the disappearance of the trout. For example, on the Clyde, one of the few waters in Scotland to which the abused fish is native, the grayling has practically expelled the trout. At least, that is how Mr. David Webster and other local authorities state the case. Perhaps it is not a scientific remark. It may be that "the water o' Clyde" suits the grayling better than it suits the trout. Some waters do suit some fish well, and others not at all. How otherwise can we account for the fact that there is scarce a river in England which does not hold pike, and scarce a river in Scotland in which the pike is to be seen? Besides, there are many streams in which trout and grayling thrive side by side. On the Kennet one has caught trout and grayling on the same day

not in its attainment, the sportsman's joy is not in the fall of the royal, but in the hours and miles of wary effort which precede. At this moment the fisherman knows only one positive fact in the gamut of veratile truth. To stalk a trout in the effeminate languors of summer is poor sport compared with raising a grayling into the gleam of the frosted December noon.

W. EARL HODGSON.

THE "TRUTH" TOY SHOW.

The annual Christmas exhibition of home-made and other toys for children, including dolls, collected under the management of the proprietor and editor of *Truth*, the well-known society weekly newspaper, during fourteen years past, for distribution among the children in the various London hospitals, workhouses, workhouse-schools, and infirmaries, was held at the Albert Hall on Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 19 and 20. There were 26,000 or 27,000 toys on view, and 4000 dolls dressed by lady readers of *Truth*, in connection with the competition for prizes for the best-dressed dolls; besides sixty large ones, dressed in the most elaborate manner, for a separate competition.

PERSONAL.

The appointment of Sir Philip Currie to be her Majesty's Ambassador at Constantinople has been accepted on all sides as a desirable selection. "It would have been difficult," says the *Times*, "to find a man for the Constantinople Embassy more widely and accurately acquainted with foreign affairs in general and with the Eastern Question in particular." He commenced his official career as a clerk in the Foreign Office in 1854, and joined the Legation at St. Petersburg in 1856. In 1876 he was secretary to Lord Salisbury's Special Embassy to Constantinople, and he was joint secretary with Lord Rowton to the Berlin Congress.

A curious illustration of the etiquette of the House of Commons is furnished by the absence of the Speaker. Mr. Peel's place is taken by the Deputy Speaker, Mr. Mellor, who is also Chairman of Committees. But the Deputy Speaker is not entitled to the honour of heading the procession which opens the day's proceedings by the installation of the Mace. When the procession reaches the door of the House, the doorkeeper, who usually cries "Mr. Speaker," on the approach of that dignitary, now cries "The Mace." That instrument of sovereignty is duly deposited at the table by the Deputy Serjeant-at-Arms in the absence of Mr. Erskine. Then Mr. Mellor slips quietly and meekly into the Speaker's chair, and Archdeacon Farrar, who has been waiting at the bar, advances for the purpose of reading prayers. The whole incident is an entertaining instance of the stern regard for Parliamentary precedent.

The expected duel between Signor Boito and Signor Sonzogno was fortunately averted, and Mr. Cowen, whose opera "Signa" was the primary cause of the quarrel, has the satisfaction of knowing that he has not imperilled the life of the distinguished composer of "Mefistofele." The whole story remains a little obscure, but it seems that the production of Mr. Cowen's work at Milan led to a collision of personal interests and jealousies in no way connected with the merits of the opera. Signor Boito sided with his English confrère, who appears to have been very hardly used by the abrupt withdrawal of "Signa." These discords have happily ended without bloodshed, though the man who has no music in his soul may feel that he is avenged on those who have held him up as fit for every sort of barbarous iniquity.

The new member for Brighton, Mr. Bruce Wentworth, who has been returned unopposed, in succession to Sir William Marriott, is the eldest son of Mr. Thomas Vernon Wentworth, of Wentworth Castle, Yorkshire, and grandson of the first Marquis of Clanricarde. Mr. Bruce Wentworth, who is a lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards, has made several attempts to enter Parliament. In 1885, 1886,



Photo by L. Sarre, West Street, Brighton.
MR. BRUCE WENTWORTH,
The New M.P. for Brighton.

and at a bye-election in 1889 he contested Barnsley, where his family have much local influence; but he failed to make any impression on the Radicalism of that constituency, which is now represented by Earl Compton. Mr. Wentworth's colleague in the representation of Brighton is Mr. Gerald Loder, and they are two of the youngest men in the present House of Commons.

The death of Mr. Tom Cottingham Edwards-Moss will cause regrets alike in political and in athletic circles. Mr. Edwards-Moss was the second son of Sir Thomas Edwards-Moss, and was born in 1855. He was educated at Eton and Brasenose College, Oxford. While at Oxford he was president of the Oxford University Boat Club. He sat in the House of Commons for the Widnes Division of Lancashire from 1885 to 1892. Mr. Edwards-Moss rowed in the Oxford boat in the inter-University contests of 1875, 1876, 1877, and 1878.

Something very like a sensation was created by the combined appearance of M. Paderewski and Mr. Edward Lloyd at the Monday Popular Concert on Dec. 11. An enormous crowd had gathered for this unique event, and when the two favourites mounted to the platform together they were received with genuine cheers, again and again renewed. It was as the interpreter of M. Paderewski's newly composed "Six Songs" that our eminent tenor came forward, and his impassioned singing lent an added charm to *Lieder* replete with tender emotional sentiment and refined musical beauty. That they should be Slavonic in character is but the natural outcome of the composer's nationality and of the suggestive influence of the Polish poet, Adam Mickiewicz, by whom the words have been supplied. What is more surprising is the absolutely perfect art with which the musician has given expression and significance to every line, combining grace of melody and form with all the intellectuality looked for in lyrics of the highest order. He himself played the accompaniments with exquisite delicacy, and the delighted audience succeeded in obtaining a repetition of the gem of the set after Mr. Lloyd had sung the second group. Furthermore, M. Paderewski gave a charming performance of Weber's sonata in A flat (adding Schumann's Paganini study for an encore), and finally he joined Lady Hallé, Mr. Gibson, and Mr. Whitehouse in Brahms's pianoforte quartet in A major, Op. 25.

By the unanimous election of the Right Rev. Robert Samuel Gregg, D.D., to the Primacy of all Ireland, the

Episcopal Bench of the Irish Church is once again complete. The new Primate will be translated from the See of Cork, which he has held since 1878, to that of Armagh, and Archdeacon Meade, who was elected by the Armagh Synod to the bishopric vacated by the death of Archbishop Knox, will become Bishop of Cork. His consecration will take place in Dublin on the Feast of the Epiphany. The Bishops, in electing Dr. Gregg to the highest office in the Church of Ireland, have fulfilled popular expectation. The only possible alternative was the election of the poet-prelate of Derry; but Dr. Alexander's age and his not too robust health somewhat militated against an appointment which would undoubtedly have given great satisfaction to English Churchmen. Bishop Gregg, however, though not so well known on this side of St. George's Channel, is decidedly popular in Ireland, and his great financial ability has been of the greatest service to the Church in making the necessary rearrangements consequent upon Mr. Gladstone's Disestablishment Act. He comes of an episcopal stock, his father, Dr. John Gregg, having been Bishop of Cork for many years. He was born in 1834, was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and has spent the whole of his ministerial life in Ireland. From the very first he gave evidence of gifts of no ordinary character, and two years after his ordination—namely, in 1859, we find him incumbent of Christ Church, Belfast; but in a little time he was transferred to Cork. He was appointed incumbent of Frankfield in 1862, and Examining Chaplain to his father in the same year, a post which he continued to hold until his own elevation to the bench. In 1865 he was appointed to the Rectory of Carrigrohane, and in the same year he was nominated a member of the Cathedral staff in the humble office of Precentor. In 1874, however, he was appointed to the Deanery of Cork Cathedral. But he was destined for still higher honours.

In 1875 Bishop O'Brien, of Ossory, died, and Dr. Gregg ("Young Gregg," as he was still called) was elected to the vacant see. He was at that time the youngest Bishop on the bench, being only just turned forty years of age. His election gave great satisfaction to his father, who had watched his son's rapid rise and progress with pardonable pride; and it was received with no less pleasure by the diocese in which he had served so many years. He was immensely popular in county Cork, and when his father died in 1878 his name was instantly suggested for the vacancy. Another candidate was also nominated by the see, but Bishop Gregg was elected by a large majority, and in June of that year was translated from Ossory to Cork. During his fifteen years' episcopate at Cork he has accomplished many praiseworthy works, and only last year the Synod passed a vote of thanks expressly mentioning the ability and success with which he had steered the diocese through the financial troubles of the see. As a Churchman he may be said to belong to the moderate Evangelical school. He is a warm supporter of the Archbishop of Dublin in his work for the Reformers of Spain and Portugal, differing in this somewhat from the late Primate, who, with the Bishop of Derry, viewed Lord Plunket's scheme with some uneasiness. The new Primate is a quiet, simple preacher, and his sermons are always interesting. In politics he is, of course, a decided Unionist, and one of his most recent official utterances has been to show the utter ruin which would overtake the country if Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill became an Act.

Theological scholarship has lost a distinguished ornament by the death of Dr. Milligan, Emeritus Professor of

Biblical Criticism in the University of Aberdeen. William Milligan, who was in his seventy-third year, was the son of a Fifeshire minister, and graduated in the Universities of Edinburgh and St. Andrews. In 1860 he was appointed to the newly founded Biblical chair at Aberdeen. In 1882 he became

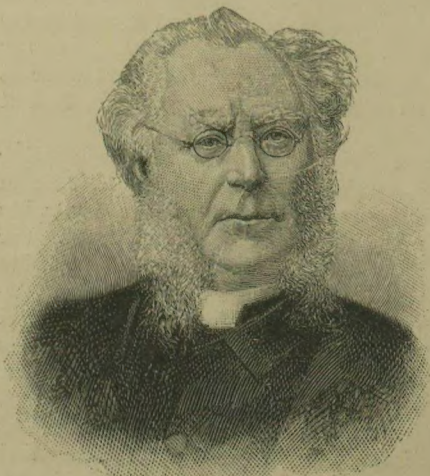


Photo by Wilson and Co., Aberdeen.
THE LATE REV. WILLIAM MILLIGAN, D.D.

Moderator. He was twice chosen Croall lecturer and twice Baird lecturer, Professor Flint being the only lecturer who has shared the latter distinction. The highest proof of Dr. Milligan's authority was his association with the revision of the New Testament, in which he had such

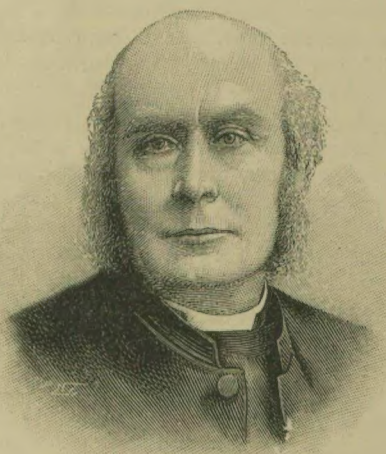


Photo by the Paris Studio, Cork.
THE RIGHT REV. DR. GREGG,
New Primate of Ireland.

colleagues as Dean Stanley, Bishop Lightfoot, and Bishop Westcott. Of his writings, the essays on the Fourth Gospel are probably the best known both in England and America. One of Dr. Milligan's most striking characteristics was his unflinching interest in the social welfare of the people. He was not the typical scholar who lives remote from the world's affairs, and is totally destitute of *savoir faire*. Dr. Milligan had considerable talents for public business. He took an active part in schemes for providing Aberdeen with coffee-houses and a new market. He was foremost in the local movement in favour of the higher education of women, and not only assisted in the arrangement of the classes, but took personal charge of several of them. Naturally, a man of such wide sympathies was deeply respected, and his death is felt acutely both in Edinburgh and Aberdeen.

The British Museum has furnished many diversions to the literary world, but rarely so good a piece of comedy as the dispute between Mr. Churton Collins and Mr. Archibald Ballantyne. Mr. Collins published a work on Voltaire's visit to England. Mr. Ballantyne followed suit. Mr. Collins suggested that his book had formed the basis of Mr. Ballantyne's researches. Mr. Ballantyne replied that his book was finished before he had read a line of Mr. Collins'. Mr. Collins accepted this statement, but thought the coincidences were "supernatural." Mr. Ballantyne retorted that he had studied in the British Museum for fifteen years, and probably knew as much of its literary treasures in the shape of catalogues as Mr. Collins. Why there should be anything "supernatural" in the fact that two students of the Historical Manuscripts resolve to write about Voltaire in England, or that they both apply themselves to the same sources of information, is perhaps not apparent even to the Society for Psychical Research, to whom Mr. Collins refers this phenomenon.

The late Mr. Samuel Prentice was for some years County Court Judge at Bow and Recorder of Maidstone. These offices did not perhaps yield much professional celebrity; but in his earlier years Mr. Prentice had an excellent practice at the Bar, and wrote some standard books on the law. Moreover, he edited with great judgment such important text-books as "Archbold's Practice," "Abbott on Shipping," and "Russell on Crimes."

The death of Miss Ada Swanborough recalls to old playgoers the ancient glories of the Strand Theatre. More than thirty years ago this actress was playing in pieces which seem desperately old-fashioned now, but in those days were considered the cream of burlesque and the solid joint of domestic drama. Who remembers Sheridan Knowles's "Alexina; or True Unto Death"? The very title provokes a smile, but to an earlier generation it represented a serious dramatic achievement. In burlesque, nothing so exquisitely diverting had ever been seen as "The Field of the Cloth of Gold." It must be a quarter of a century since London re-echoed with "The bells go a-ringing for Sarah," since the name of Tommy Dod was somehow linked with the sentiment "Glasses round, cigars as well," since we were assured that "The O-K thing on Sunday is walking in the Zoo." Miss Swanborough's budding fame was contemporary with these delights. She saw the dawn of Byron (H. J.), and outlived the repute of that wayward dramatist. She was Cicely Homespun in "The Heir-at-Law," when Mr. J. S. Clarke kept the town in fits with the humours of Dr. Pangloss. Taste in theatrical amusements has changed a good deal since then, but Miss Swanborough's name revives some very pleasant memories. In early life Miss Swanborough had the misfortune, owing to an affection of the throat, to lose a very fine voice. She was thus unable to accept an engagement in an English version of "La Grande Duchesse" at the Lyceum, which might have proved the beginning of an operatic career.



Photo by Messrs. Windose and Grove, Baker St.
THE LATE MISS ADA SWANBOROUGH.

Mr. Henry Strousberg writes to us to take exception to an incidental reference to his father, the late Dr. Strousberg, in our recent article on the British Embassy in Berlin, which was built by that fertile but unfortunate financier. Mr. Strousberg strongly objects to the title "parvenu" when applied to his deceased parent, as being a term which implies lack of education as well as elevation to sudden wealth, whereas his father was one of the most accomplished and well-read men of his time. In order to emphasise the contrast between the zenith and the nadir of Dr. Strousberg's fortunes, our contributor mentioned that, from living in a palace, he died like a pauper almost in a fourth-floor back; whereas we are now asked by Mr. Henry Strousberg to say that "my father occupied a couple of nice rooms on the first floor front, and had to his very last moments all the comforts he required." That Dr. Strousberg was a very remarkable man, possessed of many admirable qualities, which endeared him, among others, to the poor and oppressed, all the world knew; and it was certainly far from the intention of our contributor, in referring to him as the once lavish occupant of what is now the British Embassy in Berlin, to do anything more than merely point to a typical case of extremes in the strange vicissitudes of human fortune.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and her children, left Windsor Castle on Monday, Dec. 18, for Osborne House, in the Isle of Wight. The Queen and most of the members of the royal family on Dec. 14 went to the Royal Mausoleum at Frogmore, on the anniversary of the deaths of the Prince Consort and Princess Alice, and attended a special service conducted by the Bishop of Rochester.

The Queen, on Dec. 15, gave audience at Windsor Castle to the new French Ambassador, M. Decrais, who was introduced by Lord Rosebery, and presented his credentials.

The Duke and Duchess of York received at York House on Saturday, Dec. 16, a deputation from the Principality of Wales, headed by Alderman Sir David Evans, who presented to their Royal Highnesses a wedding gift from the Welsh people, composed of gold and silver from Welsh mines. It is described, with an illustration, on another page.

The Duke of Cambridge on Dec. 16 made his half-yearly inspection of the cadets at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst. His Royal Highness, a day or two before, visited Nottingham, and opened a bazaar which is being held there to raise a fund for the debt on the drill-hall of the local rifle corps. He delivered an address, in which he insisted on the necessity of maintaining both the Navy and the Army.

Sir Philip Wodehouse Currie, permanent Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office, has been appointed Ambassador to Constantinople.

Mr. Goschen was the speaker on Dec. 15 at the United Club, at the Westminster Palace Hotel. He criticised the proceedings of the Government in reference to the application of the gag in the House of Commons, the curtailment of the holidays, and the Employers' Liability and Parish

At Dublin, on Dec. 14, two men were arrested on a charge of being concerned in the murder of the man Reid, killed in Dublin on the evening after the last dynamite outrage.

A trial trip along the whole length of the Manchester Ship Canal was made on Saturday, Dec. 16, by a large party of journalists and others. The journey of 35½ miles occupied five hours and a half, from Liverpool to Manchester. The canal will be opened for traffic in January.

Mr. Acland, on Dec. 16, received a deputation from the National Union of Teachers to draw attention to the irregular attendance of the pupils in primary schools. He admitted that efforts of school committees to enforce regularity of attendance, and the pay of the officers to carry out this work, were in many cases inadequate. After citing statistics to show that during the last two years there had been some increase in the percentage of attendance, Mr. Acland said the Home Secretary and himself would turn their attention to some improvement of the law on the subject.

The receipts on account of Revenue from April 1, 1893, when there was a balance of £5,082,535, to Dec. 16, 1893, were £55,400,898, against £57,408,759 in the corresponding period of the preceding financial year, which began with a balance of £6,255,169. The net expenditure was £61,031,685, against £61,864,440 to the same date in the previous year. The Treasury balances on Dec. 16, 1893, amounted to £1,273,785, and at the same date in 1892 to £1,978,127.

Lord Onslow presided, on Dec. 18, at a conference of members of local authorities held in Shoreditch Townhall, to consider a scheme for the relief of the unemployed. The plan includes the construction of light railways for the removal of refuse from large towns to reclaim tidal lands and foreshores, and also the encouragement of the industries relating to dairies and food products, both on

ordinary and labour farms. A resolution to urge the scheme on the Government was unanimously carried.

The three remaining Bills brought into the French Chamber by the Government for the repression of Anarchism were passed on Dec. 15, after some opposition from the Extreme Radicals and Socialists. Urgency was granted to a Bill introduced by M. Goblet for cancelling mining concessions in cases where there has been a protracted strike.

The commercial treaties with Roumania, Spain, and Servia were read a third time in the German Reichstag by large majorities, after a debate, in which Count Herbert Bismarck made a speech attacking the commercial and general policy of the Government.

The trial of two French officers charged with being spies at Kiel, and other German arsenals and fortresses, has taken place at Leipsic. They were respectively sentenced to six and four years' imprisonment in a fortress.

Signor Crispi has succeeded in completing the new Italian Ministry. He takes the portfolio of the Interior, Baron Blanc that of Foreign Affairs, and Signor Sonnino that of Finance.

One of the Anarchist conspirators in Spain, named Codina, who fled to France after the explosion in the Barcelona Theatre, recently returned to Barcelona and resumed work at a suburban mill. He has been apprehended, and confessed that he had assisted in the manufacture of the bombs which caused all the recent explosions, and that it was he who threw the missile in the theatre. He gave the names of his accomplices, who were immediately arrested.

M. Bernhaert, the Belgian Prime Minister, has declared that he will resign unless he obtains the support of the Conservative party for the reform of proportional representation which he wishes to introduce into the Electoral Bill now before the Chamber.

The Russian Government has decided that henceforth the State Bank of Russia shall not discount the bills of foreign subjects except with the special permission of the Minister of Finance. A severe famine is reported to prevail in Russian Turkestan.

In the Greek Chamber at Athens the Premier, M. Tricoupi, has made a statement on the financial situation. He stated that a Bill would be introduced to "rearrange the service" of the various loans, on the basis of paying 30 per cent. in gold on all the coupons of the gold loans; but this arrangement would be only provisional, and the Greek Government would ultimately be able to offer favourable final terms to the national creditors. The German and French Ministers at Athens have been instructed to protest against the payment into the public treasury of the revenues assigned to the service of the public debt.

The Egyptian Ministry of Public Works proposes that three European hydraulic engineers should be consulted on the construction of a reservoir for storing the Nile water

for irrigation purposes. The savings from the conversion of the debt may be appropriated to this project.

In India the directors of the late Himalaya Bank, under trial at the Allahabad High Court on charges of conspiring to deceive the shareholders and the public regarding the position of the bank, have been convicted, and have received sentences varying from one to three years' imprisonment.

In America the United States House of Representatives has got the new Tariff Bill favourably reported upon by a select committee. President Cleveland has sent a Message to Congress on the Hawaiian question. He charges the late United States Minister to Hawaii with joining in the annexation intrigue. The present Minister was instructed to offer to the Queen restoration to power on condition that she granted an amnesty to those concerned in her overthrow. As she declined this offer nothing has been done, and the whole question is referred to Congress.

There was another conflict, on Dec. 16, in the harbour of Rio de Janeiro, where two small islets have been captured by Marshal Peixoto's troops. The British Minister has advised the British residents to withdraw from the city, and many important business houses are closing their establishments till the end of the revolt. It is said that Admiral da Gama's manifesto has increased the popularity of the insurgent cause. Fighting continues between the opposing forces without causing any apparent alteration in the situation.

THE HUGH MYDDELTON BOARD SCHOOL.

The opening by the Prince of Wales, on Dec. 13, of the new Board School in Clerkenwell, built on part of the site of the Middlesex county prison, formerly styled the House of Detention, and named the "Hugh Myddelton School" in memory of the eminent citizen who brought the New River water-supply to London 280 years ago, was an interesting occasion. The Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Duke of York, was received with a cordial welcome in passing through Clerkenwell, where many of the streets were decorated; at the school they were met by Mr. J. R. Diggle, Chairman of the London School Board, General Moberly, the Vice-chairman, and other members, with the Right Hon. A. J. Mundella, and the Rev. J. H. Rose, vicar of Clerkenwell, and others. Mr. Diggle, addressing the Prince of Wales, gave an account of the schools in that neighbourhood, and of this new one, which is the 394th built since the creation of the London School Board in 1870, and the seventeenth opened this year. His Royal Highness made a speech in reply, commending the operations of the London School Board, to which he ascribed much social improvement and diminution of crime. He was presented with a memorial key; and, having declared the school opened, was conducted to see different parts of it already in working order, the manual work of boys, the drilling of little girls, all dressed in green frocks, the cookery class, and the class for the deaf and dumb; baskets of cakes and flowers were presented by the children. Music was performed by the band of the 21st Middlesex Rifle Volunteers and that of the Brentwood Industrial School. The new building, which has cost £42,944, besides the price of the site, has accommodation for 600 boys, 600 girls, and 800 infants, with separate schools for the deaf and dumb, for children mentally deficient, and for the instruction of girls in cookery and laundry work. The architect is Mr. T. J. Bailey, and the builders are Messrs. Bull, Sons, and Co.

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

Edited by SIR WILLIAM INGRAM, Bart., and CLEMENT K. SHORTER.

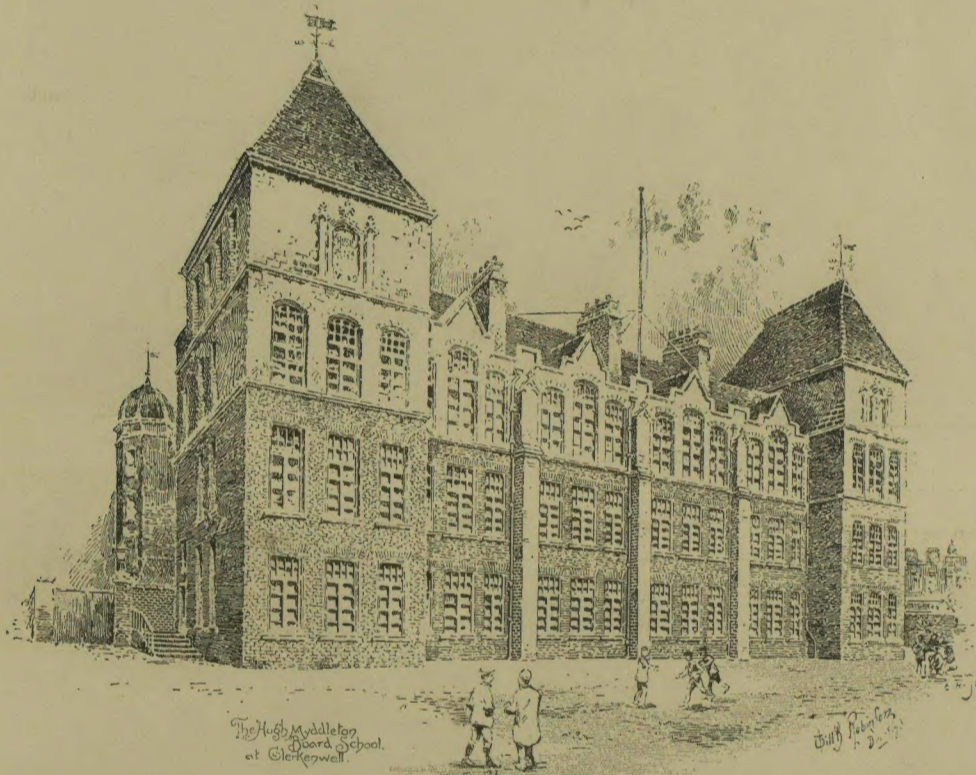
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PRICE SIXPENCE MONTHLY.

OFFICE: 193, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.



THE HUGH MYDDELTON BOARD SCHOOL, CLERKENWELL, OPENED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Councils Bills. Mr. Chamberlain made a speech at Braintree, in Essex.

A deputation from the Aborigines Protection Society on Dec. 14 waited on Lord Ripon, Secretary for the Colonies, with reference to Matabililand. Lord Ripon, in reply, said the position was complicated by the Charter of the South Africa Company, and the Government was bound to regard South African opinion; but the Company had never put forward the smallest claim to exercise sovereign rights. He and Sir Henry Loch had done their utmost to prevent the outbreak of the war, but it had become absolutely necessary to stop the irruption of the Matabili into Mashonaland. He did not think Matabililand would be made a Crown Colony, but it would be under the control of her Majesty's Government.

The third annual meeting of the British South Africa Company was held on Dec. 19, the Duke of Abercorn presiding; the Duke of Fife was present. The report showed an increase of revenue from Mashonaland.

The London County Council has submitted to the Lord Chancellor important recommendations for the better management of St. Katherine's Hospital, Regent's Park.

At a meeting of the prelates of the Church of Ireland, held on Dec. 14 in Dublin, the Right Rev. R. S. Gregg, D.D., Bishop of Cork, was elected Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland, in succession to the late Dr. Knox.

In the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice, on Dec. 13, a trial which had lasted nearly three weeks, an action for libel against Mr. Labouchere, proprietor and editor of *Truth*, ended in a verdict for him. It was brought by Mr. and Mrs. Zierenberg, who had established, under the nominal patronage of eminent philanthropists—the late Lord Shaftesbury, Mr. Samuel Morley, and the Earl of Aberdeen—a "Home for Female Inebriates," supported by benevolent subscriptions. Severe accusations of mismanagement, cruelty, and financial dishonesty were made in *Truth* a twelvemonth ago, founded upon an inquiry by the Charity Organisation Society. The jury, with Mr. Justice Hawkins as judge, have justified most of those charges by a verdict for the defendant in the libel case, and have recommended that all such institutions should be put under Government control.

Lieut. J. Manners Smith.

Abdur Rahim.

Mr. E. H. S. Clarke.

Lieut. A. H. McMahon.

Ibrahim Khan.

Mr. J. S. Donald.



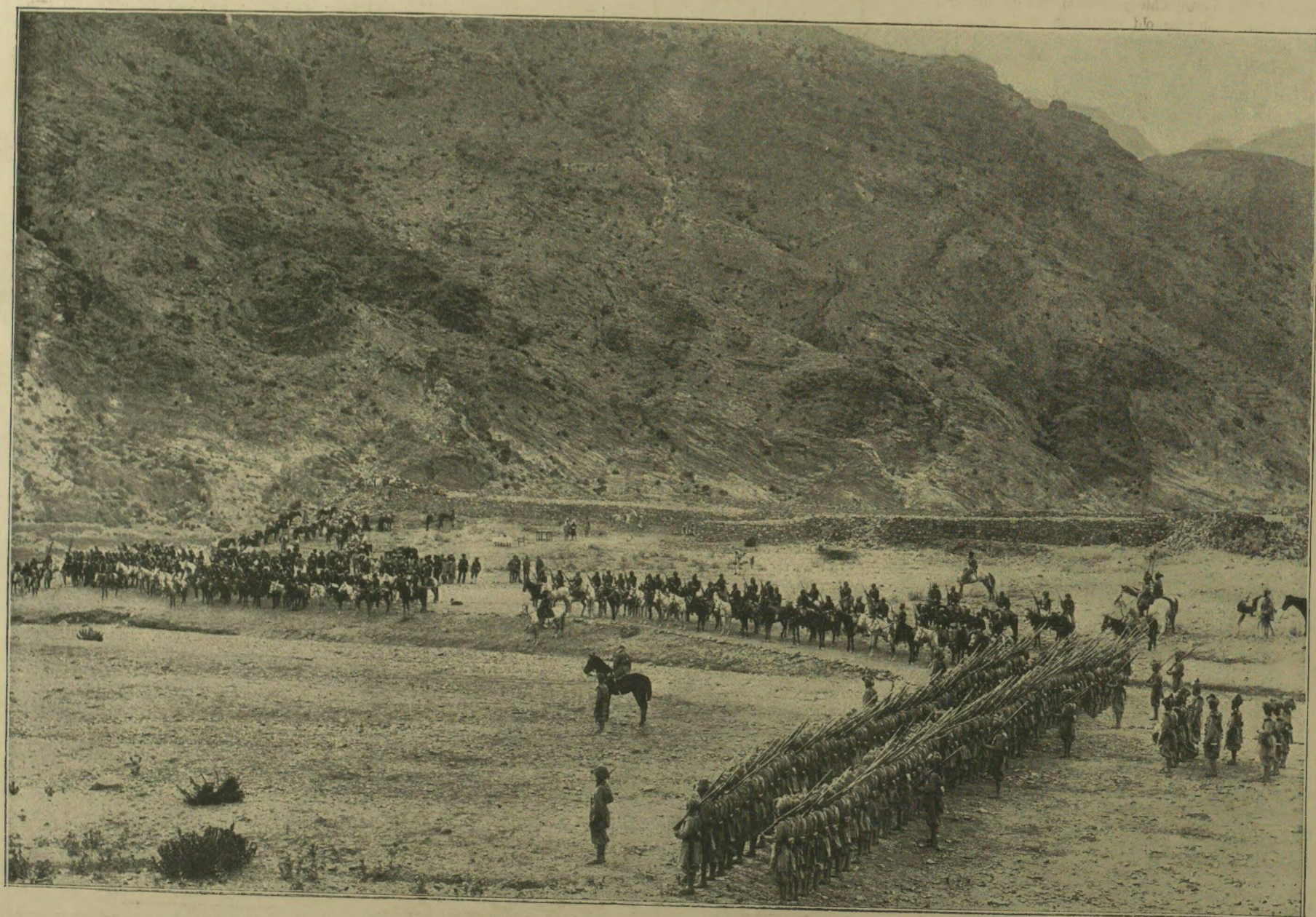
Colonel Elles.

Sir Mortimer Durand.

Surgeon-Major Fenn.

Mr. T. S. Pyne.

THE BRITISH MISSION TO CABUL.



RETURN OF THE BRITISH MISSION FROM CABUL: LUNDIKHANA, NOV. 21.

From Photographs by Mr. W. D. Holmes, Peshawar.



YOUNG SAM AND SABINA

By WALTER RAYMOND

know. He had hardened his heart against Sabina with the pride of his stubborn race. He would never ask her again. But if any man should trifle with the girl, or suppose he could play with her to gratify a moment's vanity, let him reckon with Sam Grinter.

When Sam got back among the sheaves everybody was busy enough. He laid the cider in the cool beneath the elm-tree in the hedgerow, but did not resume work. Remounting the pony he rode back to the farm, and thence down the drove to the river, near the place where he used to meet Sabina. If

CHAPTER XV.

SAM SPEAKS OUT.

Sophia must be exonerated; she did not breathe a word. Yet in a short time it was widely known that Sabina was meeting young Ashford every night, and that they sat together for hours in a bit of a ditch-place below the withy-bed. Cousin John Priddle heard it mentioned in Langport street, and carried the news to Sutton without delay. It travelled down to Bridgewater on one of the barges; but old Sam Grinter first heard a bit of a whisper to Glastonbury market, where the interest of the matter chiefly centred around old lawyer Ashford, a terrible starched old gentleman, well known and feared in that part of the country for years. What he would think appeared more worthy of prediction than what Ashford and Sabina might do.

Nothing but pride prevented the rewelding of the unanimity of Middeney in one vast moral movement. Everybody considered that Christopher ought to be told, but that the duty to tell him devolved on somebody else. This, however, is the view of duty universally accepted by the best people beyond Middeney.

A sullen moroseness settled upon young Sam, now that he ceased to see Sabina. He worked at the harvesting with a fierce industry which seemed superior to fatigue; but there was no merriment in his heart, and he did not jest with the reapers when they gathered at noon under the shade of the hedgerow to snatch their bits o' nuncheon. The weather was threatening, and he worked late, and then went to bed without a word. This change in his disposition was the subject of much comment.

He had been home to farm one afternoon to draw cider, and was riding out with the flagons strung together on either side of the saddle, when the sound of voices fell upon his ear. The women folks, whose work it was to "bindy and stitchy," were sitting on the stubble leaning back against the sheaves. And when women are in full enjoyment of perfect rest how their tongues will wag, to be sure!

"Why, 't have a-made 'un a proper mumchance, sim-zo—"

"An' zo 't have—"

"An' t' other do come up the river a-most every night—"

"An' she do goo 'down to meet 'un, an' bide by the hour. I do call it scand'lous—"

"There! She always were a proper giglet—a-brought up wi' noobody about, I s'pose—"

"But 'tes such a pittice little town feller, I sim, to catch a mind to—"

"Why, if I were young Zam, I'd chuck 'un into river, zo I 'ood—"

"An' sar' 'un right, for he do only want to make a fool o' her—"

"Not but what she's to blame most, to listen to—"

"There, hold thee tongue! She an' young Zam 'll be arm-an'-crook now afore next gookoo—"

"Hush, will 'ee! Here he is."

Thus they started from group to group among the stitches, and their shrill voices travelled far in the still air. He could not help hearing, and when the chatter suddenly ceased, the silence only emphasised the injuries he had suffered. The idea that Ashford was clandestinely meeting Sabina was new to him. He had thought their intercourse restricted to those visits to the homestead for the evening rabbit-shooting. He did not doubt for one moment that these people had spoken the truth, and yet a verification became necessary. He must



"No!" he cried fiercely, clenching his fists. . . . "I've a-got a word of a sort for you, John Ashford."

Ashford were coming he should thus intercept and speak his mind to him. He tied his pony to a pollard willow, by the corner of a withey-bed, and stood upon the tow-path looking up the stream.

His arrival was opportune.

The river does not greatly wind at that part of the moor, and within a minute Ashford came in sight at the end of a long reach stretching away as straight as a canal. He was rowing rapidly, and did not once turn his head; so that the boat was close to the little creek before he was aware of Sam's presence. A slight expression of annoyance flitted across his face as he pulled to the bank and sprang ashore.

He had not spoken to Sam since the snipe-shooting, with the exception of the casual greetings on the barge and at the gate. Now, with a hasty glance across the moor, he approached, holding out his hand.

"How are you, Sam? I have not seen you for a long time."

The easy cordiality of the salutation sounded like derision. It seemed to Sam unconsciously to affect a superiority, and its apparent falseness fell like oil upon the flame of his wrath.

"No!" he cried fiercely, clenching his fists. "An' you didn't come to zee me now. But I knew for certain I should find 'ee here, an' so I came down. I've a-got a word of a sort for you, John Ashford."

was a slight trembling in his voice which sounded like fear, but in reality was the consciousness of the meanness of his words in comparison with the manliness of young Sam.

"Stop!" interposed Sam, angrily. "I know you can talk. It's nigh upon six weeks ago you went up on the barge. A'ter that you used to come up to the farm wi' your gun. There's just so many rabbits there now, but you don't come. An' every night o' your life, you do pull your boat up here, an' wait out o' sight till she do slip out and run down. Why don't 'ee go up to farm now! Why don't 'ee go up to see Christopher Chiselett? You do shirk up here between the high banks like a thief, an' daren't step out an' show yourself like a man! You wouldn't so much as speak to the maid in Langport street. You'd look t' other way for fear you should see her, for all you mid turn her head here wi' fine words. Come up now. Come up to Christopher Chiselett here-right, and say out, you be come to court Sabina."

Either from regret or shame, for a moment Ashford remained silent. Then he spoke quite seriously.

"What a good fellow you are, Sam! But tell me this. Have you told Sabina that you love her?"

"What has that to do with it? Yes, I have, but——"

"You've never quarrelled about me?"

But Sam only scowled, and did not answer.

"Sam," continued Ashford eagerly, "I am sorry. I did

adopt the suggestion and wait in the fishing-boat. He felt that he could speak to Sabina to-day as he had never done before, so that she must realise his love and answer definitely with a "Yes" or "No."

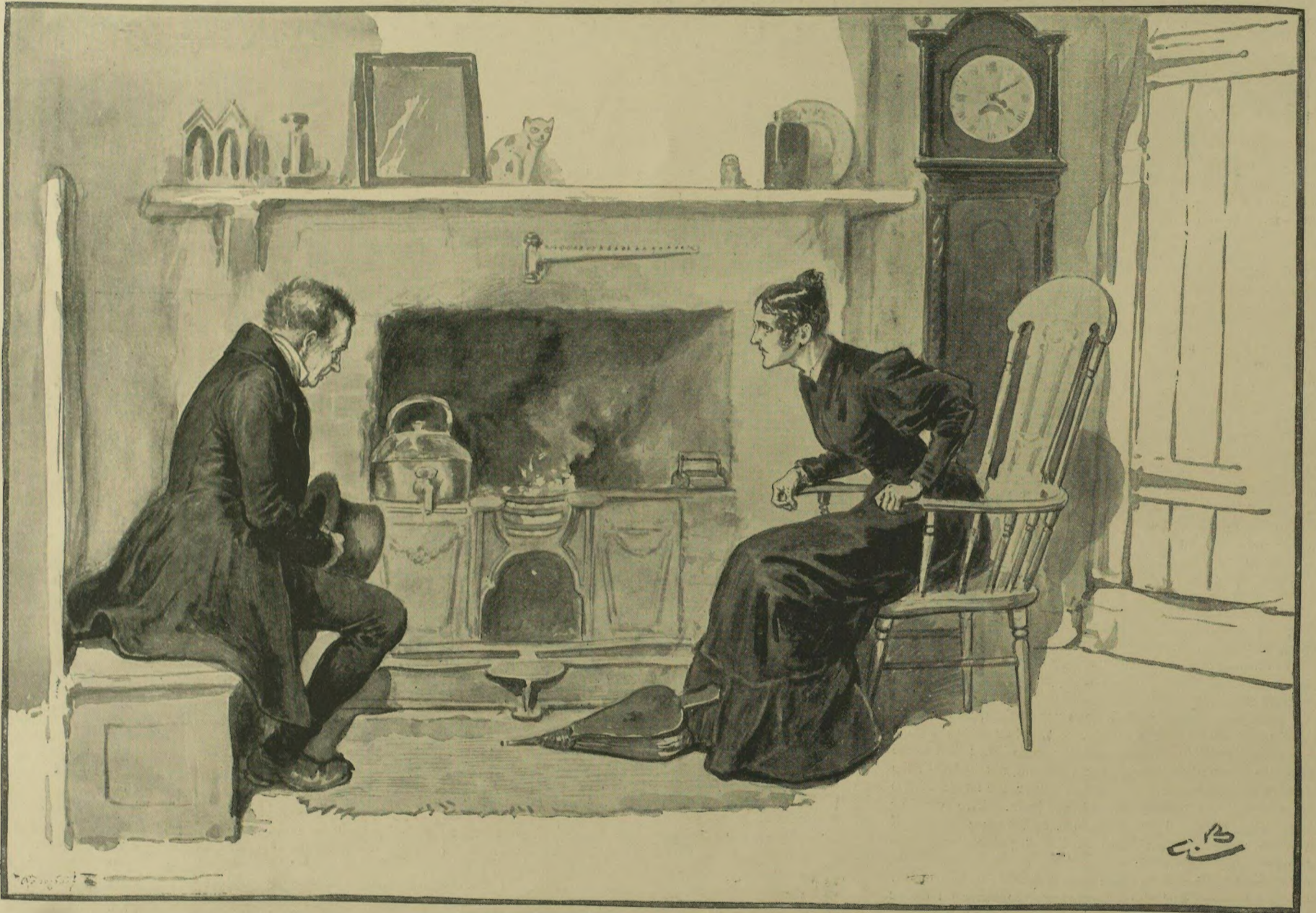
Perhaps she might not come.

Then the gloom of his jealousy again overshadowed him, and he knew that her coming must be bitter to him. What right had she there on any such errand? To his simplicity it did not seem compatible with love, nor, indeed, with the strict decorum expected of Middeney womanhood. No! everything from the beginning of their courtship proved that Sabina did not care. It was impossible. She would only laugh and evade him as she had always done. Besides, she would be there to see Ashford and not him.

This thought became unbearable, and the impulse to remain vanished in the darkness of his pride.

He mounted the pony, cantered across the moor and through the village, back to the field of wheat.

Some time elapsed, and he had long been out of sight, when from below the bank of the little creek appeared Sabina. She had heard it all. Her face was very pale. Her eyes glanced eagerly in the direction Sam had taken. Then she looked up the river. She had been crying, and her hair was slightly dishevelled—her sun-bonnet askew. On one part of the moor already lay a sheet of shallow water from the early



"An' they showed noo mercy?" "Noo mercy!"

The place was lonely, and, under the circumstances, a bolder man might easily have suffered a sinking of the heart. But Ashford's gaiety of disposition did not desert him.

"Of an unpleasant sort, it seems," he laughed.

A brief silence followed. Words are the natural weapons of a weak man, but to Sam in moments of excitement they came with difficulty. It would have been easier to adopt the suggestions of the harvesters once for all than to explain what he had come to say. And this inability to express his indignation chafed and inflamed his wrath.

"There is no secret at all about it. 'Tis in everybody's mouth an' hollered to the win's what you do come up here for!" he cried. "Besides, I saw 'ee in the garden t'other night. She'd ha' none o' 'ee then, an' I wer' like to shake the life out o' 'ee—but there, you've a got roun' her wi' a soft tongue by all accounts. She's nothen' to me now—more than the memory o' what I thought she would be. But I tell 'ee this: in my heart I shall always love Sabina Chiselett. Not that I'd have her now. There's no two ways about love. If she'd a-cared for me she'd a-knowned it beyon' all doubt, an' I wouldn't wed to go in wonder an' doubt where her eye mid light upon another man. So I've a-got no more thought o' her but only this—that if any were to do Sabina wrong I'd—I'd twist his neck!"

It was all so real—the love, the scorn, and that ridiculous threat uttered with too deep a resolution and force to be considered a mere figure of speech.

"A very admirable resolution, Sam," answered Ashford, lightly. "And one which has my cordial sympathy." There

not know there was anything between you. But now I can tell you this—she is in love with you. I am certain of it. Go back to the village and make it up with her at once; for all the folly has been on my side. She has never listened to me a moment—never any more than on the night of which you spoke. It is my head that has been turned—not Sabina's. But I'm going back. Make haste and get married, and ask me to the wedding. Good-bye."

He held out his hand. More from habitual honesty than conviction, Sam took it; and Ashford's equanimity was partly restored. Perhaps he had made too much of a small matter.

"Why, Sam," he said, in his old careless way. "Last winter you were as unromantic as a rate-collector. It was painful to see a heart so young and obdurate. Now you have developed the fever in the most violent stage. And Sabina has it too—in a suppressed form. She's over head and ears in love with you. She has never let me kiss her, and that, on any other assumption, is inexplicable. I tell you—get in the little creek there, out of sight. She will come by and by; for I promised to lend her the boat. Good-bye!" And before Sam had time to collect his ideas the little blue skiff with the red cushion was darting up the river like a kingfisher.

Sam stood in uncertainty. A vague fear that he had been outwitted crept into his mind. And yet he was not sure. His honesty was so complete that it scarcely left room for a perception of perfidy; and Ashford had spoken with an airy frankness which looked like truth. The little nook was close by, only a few yards away, and Sam's heart prompted him to

rains; and a flock of seagulls circled over it, their wings flashing white against a leaden mass of rising cloud.

Nothing could exceed the solitude but the loneliness in Sabina's heart. She had been getting to like Ashford; but now she knew that she loved young Sam.

And he was gone. She was nothing to him any more!

CHAPTER XVI.

CHRISTOPHER'S CONFESSION.

The leaves on Middeney elms were yellow. Some had fallen upon the causeway, others were trampled beneath the hoofs of cattle or buried in the wheel-ruts on the muddy road. The flood was on the moors, and flights of plovers pitched on Christopher's arable grounds; a sign, so people thought, of the approach of rough weather. Everything indicated a hard winter. The crop of hips and haws was phenomenal, and robins came right up to Sophia's back door.

Her wish to leave the village remained unchanged.

John Priddle has spoken several times of bringing someone to see the cottage, but the personality of this possible purchaser was a mystery, as yet only vaguely referred to as "one o' Wells."

In November, an abominable month, with no right to a festivity, Mrs. Grinter gave an evening party. The thing was done on a scale commensurate with her great talents, and calculated to arouse the envy of any parish. But no one of Middeney was invited, and cousin John Priddle was not asked. Mrs. Grinter, as she afterwards admitted, had two

minds about leaving him out, but it proved really quite a providential mercy that she did not give way to a weak magnanimity, but acted on her better judgment after all. For at that party people could tell of probable changes in Middleney. They openly appraised Sophia's property and spoke of "one o' Wells." Then Mrs. Grinter, suffering the deep humiliation of ignorance, explained with dignity: "O' cou'se, our advice wouldn't be asked, an' we don't never want to push ourselves."

These disclosures would certainly have brought about a reconciliation with Christopher if his social disposition, piqued by the evening party, had not on the following morning incarcerated old Sam Grinter's heifers in the village pound. It was the nearest approach to a joke that he had perpetrated for months, but it afforded him no pleasure, for he had heard some time before of the expected visit of "one o' Wells."

He watched the high road narrowly day by day; but no one came. Then he began to grow suspicious, for Christopher possessed the gift of intuition, and divined without difficulty that cousin John Priddle meant to stand in for the bargain. They would wait until the water on the road was four feet deep and then declare that Middleney was damp. "One o' Wells," affecting to regard this as an unexpected discovery, would swear that he wouldn't pick up the place at a gift—not to live in himself. Nothing should tempt him even to name a figure. Then John Priddle, with a fine spirit of concession, would be forced to admit that the place was a bit dampish-like upon times. But even "one o' Wells" may be weak and human, and touched by integrity like the rest of the world. Carried away by the admission, he would gaze at the miles of flood, and consent, against his interest, to name a figure—a low one, of course. And then cousin John Priddle, impressed by the arguments of "one o' Wells," would advise—Oh, yes! Christopher had his intuitions.

Under the circumstances, he pitied Sophia more deeply than ever; for there is a pathos about the non-realisation of the uttermost farthing, and Christopher was very susceptible. It took him time, however, to make up his mind to call at the cottage. The visit was an ordeal difficult to face, and he put it off from day to day. But it must be done. He must tell Sophia. And so one afternoon he walked slowly down the village street, a thoughtful and miserable man.

A "misky" rain made the day almost as dark as dusk; but Christopher observed that Sophia had neglected that year to pick the money-in-both-pockets by the garden-hatch, and now it was spoilt by the wet.

Sophia was sitting over the fire, for the cold crept into her bones and the old thought into her heart whenever she heard the drops dripping from the eaves. At the sound of the knock she hastily put the bellows from her lap and rose to open the door. Always the same hope—ever the same expectation.

They did not know what to say. She stood aside for Christopher to pass, and he took his old place on the settle.

As if to hide their disquietude, Sophia blew up the fire and the flames went roaring up the chimney-back.

"T'es a sight o' wet," she said presently, without raising her eyes.

"Aye. An' the sky full o' it."

"The ducks did squacketty, an' that's a sure sign."

"So your mind's a-made up, Sophia, as I've a-heard tell," said Christopher slowly. "I've a-thought about 'ee many a

time. Don't 'ee goo, Sophia. Don't 'ee goo. You'll never find 'un—never in this world."

"T'es too late to alter now. But I be glad you be a-come in, Mr. Chiselett. I've a thought since that you meant it for kindness. An' the meaning do lie close in the heart when the act's in the open hand. 'T'es better to part friends. I'd sooner so."

"But the money couldn't a-found 'un, Sophia, if 't had a-been zent."

She shook her head. "Let that be, Mr. Chiselett. Let that be."

It might have been resignation or forgiveness, but she had not caught his meaning.

"You don't know where you be gwain. Nor what you be

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

A notable Scottish Churchman has passed away in the person of the Rev. Dr. Milligan, who was till the other day a theological Professor in the University of Aberdeen. Dr. Milligan had resigned his chair, and was looking forward to a period of well-earned rest in Edinburgh; but his strength had been exhausted by his long labour, and he did not survive the change many days. Dr. Milligan's writings, especially on the Resurrection of Our Lord and the Apocalypse, were much admired by Canon Liddon and other famous Anglicans, while his simple and genial character attracted to him universal goodwill. It is proof of the catholicity of his temper that the memorial sermon was preached in King's College Chapel, Aberdeen, by Principal Fairbairn, of Oxford, the eminent Congregationalist.

The Rev. W. Carlisle, the founder of the Church Army, says that his labour homes are successful in about 80 per cent. of the cases admitted.

The Bishop of Salisbury's endeavours on behalf of Church education have not been entirely successful, but there is a prospect of the object aimed at being attained. £2342 of the £4000 required has been subscribed, £400 of it by the Bishop, who has offered an additional £100 if the whole sum can be raised.

Mr. Raymond Blathwayt, the well-known interviewer, who is delivering illustrated lectures to large audiences over the country, says that wherever he goes he finds that Archdeacon Farrar and Dr. Parker are well known and very popular—their portraits being invariably received with loud applause, while General Booth's is witnessed in chilling silence.

The collection of Latin Bibles belonging to Dr. W. A. Copinger, F.S.A., Professor of Law in the Victoria University, has been sold to a theological seminary in New York. It contains no fewer than 543 Bibles; sixty-nine editions more than the British Museum, and 351 more than the Bodleian.

A German translation of the Rev. J. H. Kennedy's "Natural Theology and Modern Thought" has just been brought out, with an introduction by Professor Zückler, of Greifswald.

Bishop Gregg, of Cork, has been appointed Archbishop of Armagh. Archdeacon Meade becomes Bishop of Cork. While there can be no doubt that Bishop Gregg and Archdeacon Meade have qualities that fully justify their promotion, it is somewhat to be regretted that neither is a man of outstanding eminence.

The Vicar of Stratford-on-Avon appeals to Liberal Churchmen to speak out against Dis-

establishment. "We can have nothing to do with the Church Defence Institution, which invites Presbyterian ministers to its platform, nor can we echo the words of the Archbishop of Canterbury when he called the Presbyterian body in Scotland a 'sister Church,' but we want some leader, such as Canon Scott Holland would be, to tell us how we can support Liberal measures and yet not hasten on the spoliation of the Church."

A severe controversy is going on in the *Guardian* between the Bishop of Colchester and Professor Driver. The Bishop, though not professing to be a Hebrew scholar, published a volume against the higher criticism, to which Professor Driver, who is one of the most cautious and moderate of controversialists, replied. A rejoinder followed, and Dr. Driver now says of the Bishop, "He has deemed it consistent with his position to circulate a serious untruth about a brother clergyman, besides holding me up to derision for absurdities for which I am innocent; and then, when he is challenged, instead of withdrawing his unfounded accusations, he attacks me as if I had been the aggressor."

V.



DOUBLE PUNISHMENT.

a-gwain to. I kep' it from 'ee by his wish, Sophia. For I thought you need never to know. But nothing can keep it from 'ee when you do go herevrom. You'll never zee 'un no more in this life, Sophia. He's a-gone beyond the reach of eyes—"

She looked up quickly. She uttered no sound; but her face grew very pale. She did not even weep; but trembled—and stared at Christopher—and understood.

"When?"

"He wer' a-tookt to Bristol avore many days. He knew the risk when he comed here; but he made me promise, if the worst should come; never to tell. I wer' at my wits' ends what to do or say; but he never zend word nor showed sign, for his only hope wer' that you mid never know, an' bide here to live an' die in peace."

She sat as if dazed, looking into the fire. Then one eager gleam of questioning hope flashed across her face—

"An' they showed noo mercy?"

"Noo mercy!"

(To be continued.)



THE PANTOMIME PUDDING: A PRIVATE VIEW.

WITH THE HELP OF THE COTILLON

BY MRS. ANDREW DEAN.

The Greenfields always gave a dance on New Year's Eve, and whether it was the fashion or not they invariably danced the cotillon after supper. Mrs. Greenfield was a German, and knew exactly how to choose and provide for the elaborate figures. Indeed, there were few events for which Mrs. Greenfield could not provide. In her house her word was law. Mr. Greenfield, of course, did not dispute it, nor did the children, nor did even the servants. The only person who ever showed an inclination to rebel was her daughter Pamela.

This young lady had grown up the image of her mother. She had the same grey eyes, firm mouth, and strong, light figure. Among her companions she was a leading spirit. At home she showed herself ready to organise little rebellions and lead the way to victory. When she came home from school, Mrs. Greenfield settled in her own mind that Pamela must marry at once. No sooner had she arrived at this conclusion than she fixed on the right man, and even on the occasion when he should declare himself. Mr. James Haverstock had been dangling after Pamela ever since her first ball, eight months ago. He

born forty years ago in a small German mercantile town, where artists, actors, and penmen were reckoned all together as unstable and rather vagabond. Her old prejudices were as vigorous as her constitution; and Pamela understood quite clearly that her mother favoured Mr. Haverstock.

The thirty-first of December arrived, and all the young folks known to the Greenfields came to dance the Old Year out and the New Year in. They danced and they danced. Then they had supper and drank champagne and punch and wished each other a Happy New Year. They opened windows so that they might hear the city bells, and some of them stepped out on the verandah. Pamela, followed by Charles Ludlow, went further still. They reached the garden, which was moonlit and hard-frozen. They walked right round it very slowly, and then Pamela said she must go back and lead the cotillon.

The guests reassembled in the drawing-room, the musicians resumed their posts, the servants carried in the properties. The most conspicuous of these were two sticks, each of which had long coloured ribbons floating from one end. There was also a hand-mirror, a sheet, a box of extra large crackers, a sofa-cushion stuck full of favours, and a tray piled with little bunches of hot-house flowers.

half-dozen, and saw to her vexation that Charles Ludlow had been chosen, but not Mr. Haverstock. In the succeeding rounds of this figure Pamela, as daughter of the house, was constantly asked to take a part. So, when Mr. Haverstock carried the ribbons first to her he only imitated a dozen other men. There was nothing remarkable in that little attention.

There were one or two figures after this in which Pamela neglected her chances. Then she sat down in the centre of the room with a small mirror in her hand, while Uncle Fritz brought one young man after another to stand behind her chair. If she did not like his reflection she wiped it away, and he retired. A little row of rejected aspirants were waiting aside already when Mr. Haverstock came forward. Mrs. Greenfield thought she noted a slight accession of interest on some faces as he bent over the back of Pamela's chair so that the girl could see his image in the glass. For the moment Mrs. Greenfield wished him less portly and plain. But she forgot the wish in her immediate indignation when she beheld her daughter's conduct. Pamela wiped him viciously out of the glass, and then got up to dance with Charles Ludlow, who strolled forward smilingly and put his arm round Pamela's waist as if it belonged there. Mrs. Greenfield



He bent over so that the girl could see his image in the glass.

should dangle no longer. With the help of the cotillon he could easily be brought to the point on New Year's Eve.

Mrs. Greenfield was not the woman to urge on a reluctant suitor. Her daughter possessed both money and good looks. Mr. Haverstock had paid his court to Pamela with much persistence, and would, doubtless, have declared himself long ago if he had received the encouragement he deserved. But with vexatious folly Pamela fluttered from him, spoke of him mockingly, said he was bald, stout, and stupid. As if a stupid man could make his income! and as if slim young men were not a step further every morning towards the time when they, too, would be bald and stout! Of course, there was someone with whom Pamela compared James Haverstock—to his disadvantage. When she spoke of young men in the abstract her mother knew that she saw their engaging qualities in a concrete specimen whose name was Charles Ludlow, and who had nothing but his good looks to recommend him. He had painted one successful picture, and the art critics sometimes tore him to pieces and sometimes patted him on the back. One picture is not much to marry on. Pamela said that his studio was crowded with masterpieces, all of which would sell for immense sums when they were finished: and that his friend on the *Mayfair Gossip* had promised to cut him up so savagely that the town would crowd in thousands round the fragments. Mrs. Greenfield sniffed. She had been

Pamela was to lead the cotillon with her young German uncle, Fritz Elster. He knew how to give the necessary directions both to the guests and the musicians. There was quite a sprinkling of Germans present, and the majority of Mrs. Greenfield's English friends had been at the house on New Year's Eve before. So the dance was not likely to become as flat and spiritless as it sometimes does in England when people are not used to its topsy-turvy ways. Pamela had received her directions early in the day. She knew exactly what Mrs. Greenfield expected of her. She was to seize every opportunity of showing that she appreciated Mr. Haverstock. He would behave with his accustomed gallantry, and the sequel would probably be in accordance with Mrs. Greenfield's wishes. Pamela felt no doubt of it. She knew better than anyone how anxious her elderly suitor was to screw his courage to the sticking-place. It had become more and more difficult lately to hold him off.

The cotillon began as usual with a polonaise. All the dancers marched in couples behind Pamela and Uncle Fritz, and, after certain complicated evolutions, sat down again. Then the leaders took up the be-ribboned sticks. Six young men were invited to seize Pamela's ribbons: six girls were called from the ranks by Uncle Fritz. The twin colours were to waltz together. Mrs. Greenfield, from her position near the door, looked anxiously at Pamela's

heard one or two people call them a handsome couple, and she reflected that it is easy to put a high value on good looks with regard to a marriage in which you have no interest. She felt anxious and angry. She knew Mr. Haverstock to be a vain man, and she saw that he had turned very glum.

But the worst was still to come, and for this bad business Mrs. Greenfield never forgave her brother Fritz. How could he presume to introduce a figure that she had not sanctioned? one that she considered vulgar and, at any rate, unsuitable in an English drawing-room. If only she could have stopped him! But, although she was tall enough to see everything that went on, she really stood behind a close little crowd. She could not push her way through or attract Fritz's attention without disturbing people and making more of a fuss than she liked.

Fritz had thrust a little basket into Pamela's hands, and told her in a loud voice that she must present it to one of the two gentlemen he would straightway bring up to her. With the other she would dance. The Germans looked on and smiled. Some of the English people were evidently puzzled, and, seeing this, that blundering, foolish Fritz must needs explain to them that the German idiom "to give a basket," means, in ordinary language, to dismiss a suitor. He then smiled amiably at his sister, readjusted his pince-nez, and summoned first Mr. Haverstock and

secondly Charles Ludlow. Mrs. Greenfield could hardly believe that he made his choice by accident.

The two men were certainly a great contrast to each other, and no one was much surprised when Pamela, with a self-possession little curtesy, offered the basket to Mr. Haverstock. But a good many people would have felt rather sorry for him if he had not been unwise enough to show temper. He almost snarled at Pamela, he threw the basket back to Fritz instead of dancing round with it as by rights he should have done, and he strutted back to his place muttering that he had played the fool enough for one night. Perhaps he had. At any rate, it is not unnatural that a portly, middle-aged man should object to waltz with a basket for a partner. Mr. Haverstock left the house a little later in a furious temper, and with the lowest opinion of foreign pastimes.

There were several new figures after this, all of which gave Charles and Pamela their opportunities. By the time the last round came, everyone in the room knew which coat would sport Pamela's favour, and which hand would accept Charles Ludlow's bunch of flowers. At the finish, when each couple had taken their turn in this popular figure, there was one favour left, and one bunch of flowers. The guests looked at Pamela. Pamela looked at Uncle Fritz. Then, as he signed to the musicians to strike up again, she tripped to the denuded sofa cushion, possessed herself of the solitary favour and pinned it on Charles Ludlow's coat. He presented her with the flowers. They whispered, nodded to each other smilingly, and danced down the room to Mrs. Greenfield. Other couples had arisen and were joining in the final waltz. Amid the hubbub the two young people could speak to the mistress of the house unheard.

"The cotillon has been a great success," said Charles Ludlow.

"I think it has been a great failure," said Mrs. Greenfield.

"I am engaged to be married, Mamma," whispered Pamela.

"To the wrong man," said her mother.

"That's a matter of taste," replied the girl.

"You will consent?" murmured Charles Ludlow, imploringly.

Mrs. Greenfield looked at them severely. "Mr. Haverstock has just told me that he means to take a trip round the world," she said. "He expects to stay away three years."

And it did not strike the young people she addressed that her reply was at all irrelevant. They gazed at each other with ecstatic eyes and joined in the dance again.

GERMAN CHURCH AT JERUSALEM.

The ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of the first German Protestant Church in Jerusalem took place lately, in the presence of a distinguished official set by the German Emperor, and of the German Consul and his staff, the German residents, and the Governor of Jerusalem. The Right Rev. Dr. Blyth, Anglican Bishop in Jerusalem, personally assisted. The site chosen is at the ruins of an ancient church built by the Crusaders in the tenth century, which was named the Church of Santa Maria Latina. These historical ruins, called "Muristan," were given as a present by the late Sultan Abd-ul Aziz to the late Emperor Frederick, then Crown Prince of Germany, in 1867, when he visited the Holy City. The new church will be named after the old one.

The Swiss National Council has adopted a proposition of the Federal Council for the establishment of a permanent guard at the St. Gothard fortifications.

It is considered necessary to accustom the Austro-Hungarian Army to lengthened exposure to the cold. Army manoeuvres are to take place in Galicia during the winter, especially in the month of January, in order to accustom the troops to the fatigues and hardships of a winter campaign. It is observed that the Russians have opened nearly all their recent campaigns in the winter season, or have carried them over into the winter, so as to make the most of the hardness of their troops.

If a copy of the "Post Office London Directory" (Kelly and Co.) had been within arm's length of Mr. W. D. Howells's hero in "Marjory Daw," it is probable his valet would have been murdered! The new volume for 1894 is bulkier and better than ever, and the very latest corrections are made with an accuracy which reflects the highest credit. The useful map, which would surely satisfy Lord Salisbury's injunction to "study large maps," is in this issue further improved by being mounted on linen. The commercial section is, as usual, most carefully compiled; incidentally, Mr. Beresford Hope may therein find certain information which he required the other day at the London County Council. The official pages are especially commendable for containing the most recent corrections, appointments of Sir J. West Ridgeway and Sir Francis Clare Ford, as well as the changes at the Bank of England, being duly noted. "Kelly's," in brief, has eclipsed its own record as an up-to-date, reliable, and indispensable Directory.

THE MAN WHO READ ALL THE CHRISTMAS NUMBERS.

It was Dickens who, when he had finished one of his Christmas stories, wrote to John Forster: "I have come out of it looking like a murderer."

I thought of that incident the other day when I passed my neighbour on the stairs. He used to be a robust, fresh-coloured youth, with agreeable expectation written all over him. One of the servants remarked confidentially in my hearing: "He's waitin' for a legacy, he is!" and the saying struck me as an exact description of his attitude towards the universe. He retired very late every night, with much clattering up the little staircase which thoughtfully adjoins the head of my bed; and he rose in the morning in those spirits which, at a certain stage of adolescence, find their highest expression in whistling. Now, if a man is engaged on a philosophical treatise, and someone, from whom he is protected by the slightest of partitions, persists in executing with the most piercing notes all the music-hall catches of the hour, it is plain that the serene philosophy must lose all patience.

First I remonstrated by letter. The same day we met on the stairs, and he was profuse with apologies; but it was very soon manifest that his apologetic conscience intensified the original nuisance, for he would whistle a few bars thoughtlessly, and then knock at the wall or at my door in a perfect agony of contrition until I grew weary of hearing the refrain of "Daisy, Daisy," broken suddenly with "Awfully sorry, really! Can't imagine what makes me do it! Beastly habit, isn't it?"

As he was clearly incurable by ordinary means, I hit

then there came a yell. When I reached the scene with a candle, I found him with his face to the wall, and in the middle of the floor was an object which skipped in an uncanny way at the slightest touch.

"It's—it's the Undying Thing!" he gasped.

"It's your undying umbrella," I retorted. "When you don't keep it folded, of course it goes larking about as a Christmas Ghost."

I awaited the result of the next day's experiment with no little curiosity. There was a deeper silence than ever, but in the evening the door opened, and my young friend came in with an expression that was quite new to me. He gazed for a moment at my papers with a look of unmistakable disdain.

"Verily, what use is this, O my brother?" he demanded. "The gods laugh at thy wisdom, the omnibus horse laughs, the costermonger's mope sheds tears of merriment. Hast thou stood on the bridge and listened to the voice of the river? It mocks thee and thy miserable task. Hark to the counsel of the wise!"

Just then a cat on the tiles above preached her nocturnal message.

"What on earth—" I began.

"Scoff not, brother," he interrupted. "Perchance thou hast not read Rudyard Kipling's 'Bridge-Builders' in *The Illustrated London News*. Thy philosophy is not learned in the tongue of the elephant, the bull, the tigress, and the mighty stream. They speak of things beyond thy understanding. Get thee to the street, and hang humbly on the accents of the butcher-boy's pony. I have spoken. Farewell."

I began to feel that the speculation as to what he would

do next was quite as disturbing as the young man's whistling. The following night's experience was even more surprising. He appeared in a long coat with an astrachan collar; for some reason he had omitted to put on a shirt, and his general aspect was shabby and not over-clean.

"Will you buy it?" he asked in a hoarse tone.

"Buy what?"

"Only thirty thousand pounds! I want no more; that will just save me from starvation."

"What is it you wish to sell?"

"Look!"

He fumbled in the depths of a pocket, and produced a package carefully sealed. When the seal was broken, layer after layer of brown paper was slowly removed, and at last I perceived a glittering object. It was a small glass marble.

"See!" he cried excitedly, "how its exquisite hues glow and wane! It is Max Pemberton's opal from the *English Illustrated Magazine*. He will never miss it—he's rolling in jewels. Come now! I have not tasted food for six weeks. Only thirty thousand—just to get a steak at Gatti's."

"Good gracious, man!" I said, "can't you see it's only a marble?"

"Lost!" he exclaimed.

"I might have known it. The priceless opal changes to the worthless toy when it meets a critic's unromantic eye!" He fumbled in another pocket. "I ought to shoot you now, but I have no revolver. Eden Philpotts has got it, or Robert Barr. There's a lot of revolver practice in the Christmas Numbers, to say nothing of the Battle of Austerlitz. Perhaps you were not there?"

"My poor friend, have a brandy and—"

"But I was at Austerlitz with Mr. William Astor, and the Czar ordered me to be shot for losing the battle. He said it was the second time I had done it; and Astor promised him to put the matter right in the *Jull Mall Magazine*. After that, I went for a ride on one of Kipling's elephants in *St. Nicholas*, played golf with a tiger in the *Graphic*, and wound up the evening with Robert Grant's bachelor party in *Scribner's*. Do you know, I'm to be married to an old maid I jilted five years ago, and we are going off to the Cape with George Gissing and that girl of his—Hetty, he calls her—she's a oner for running, and has no 'h's.' Do you think those Johnnies who write the Christmas Numbers believe a single word—"

I got him to bed with great difficulty. Since then I have been only too happy to hear him whistle.—L. F. A.



LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE FIRST GERMAN PROTESTANT CHURCH IN JERUSALEM.

Photo by G. E. Brown, Jerusalem.

upon a brilliant device. Why not keep him quiet with a little attractive literature? The Christmas Numbers, for instance, would occupy his mind and stop that confounded whistling. But it might be imprudent to let him see the motive too distinctly, and so I resolved to send the soothing medicine through the post in artfully timed doses.

The first effect was excellent. He was perfectly subdued for a whole morning, but I noticed a curious wildness in his eye when we exchanged our usual greetings on the staircase. That night, when I sat up rather late to finish an eloquent passage about the spiritual evolution of man, his step halted outside my door. After a pause, he turned the handle and entered.

"I hope you won't mind my coming in like this," he said in an embarrassed way. "The fact is, I want to ask you a question. Somebody has sent me the Christmas number of *Black and White*, and there's a story in it by a Johnny named Barry Pain. Perhaps you know him."

I explained that, as a writer of philosophical works, I was not brought into contact with story-tellers.

"Oh! well," said my visitor; "I thought all you writing Johnnies were pals, don't you know." He paused and poked my fire abstractedly. "This story is about a—well, he calls it 'The Undying Thing.' There was a distinct tremor in his voice, and he did not disguise his agitation by trying to put the poker into his pocket. "What I want to ask you is, Do you—do you believe in—well, in Undying Things?"

"You mean the Christmas Number Thing," I replied. "I have not had the honour of its acquaintance for a good many years. The only one I remember had a habit which, I suppose, is common to all of them."

"What is that?" he asked, with visible anxiety.

I stood up and pointed towards a corner of the room. "The Thing—came—slowly—on!"

"Don't!" he cried, almost with a shriek, and clutching at my arm. He poked the fire again with great energy. "Of course you're busy: I'll—I'll go to bed [This with an evident desire that I should ask him to stay]. Good—good night."

He stumbled up the little staircase to his room, and

Five men have died from the gunpowder explosion at the War Department ammunition works, at Waltham Abbey, on Dec. 13, and two others are not likely to recover. Two were killed, on the same day, by the accidental explosion of a dynamite cartridge used in boring the rocks at Sutton harbour, Plymouth.

A large audience attended Miss Annie R. Akerman's evening concert in the Steinway Hall on Friday, Dec. 15. Miss Akerman proved her skill as a pianist in Brahms' "Hungarian Danse" and Saint-Saëns' "Danse Macabre." She also sang Greig's "Rosebud," Lovett King's "When the day closes," and two songs by Brahms, receiving in the case of all a very enthusiastic reception. She had varied support from Madame Laura Brown, Mr. A. J. Slocombe, Mr. J. Sandbrook, Mr. R. H. Walthew, and Mr. Lovett King.

LITERATURE

MR. THEODORE BENT'S JOURNEY TO AKSUM.

The Sacred City of the Ethiopians. By J. Theodore Bent. (Longmans.)—Mr. Bent's journey to Aksum covers but a small space in comparison to the ground gone over in the expedition to Magdala; but to one that followed the army then this book recalls vividly the character of the country—its fantastic mountain peaks, the wild ravines and steep cliffs; even the peculiar smell of the Abyssinians, which pervades every article belonging to them, owing to the rancid butter they put on their heads, is recalled to the memory from Mr. Bent's pages. Faithful as the descriptions are, these do not indicate the chief interest or purpose of the journey. The real object was to explore Aksum, the ancient Ethiopian capital. This place has many attractions: there is the strange legendary tale, believed in by the Abyssinians, that Menekle, the son of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, brought the real Ark of the Covenant from Jerusalem, and that it still exists in the old church of Aksum. No one is allowed to see it; but the ancient obelisks cannot be hid, and, thanks to the labours of Mrs. Bent—who accompanied her husband—we have reliable photographs of them, showing every detail, instead of doubtful engravings, which were all we had before. The old rude standing stones, some of which are still upright, have also been photographed, and are given in the book. The discovery of the altar-stones at the base of these monoliths is of considerable archaeological value, as the position agrees perfectly with the descriptions given by Robertson Smith regarding the ritual of sacrifice among the early Arabians or Sabæans, thus helping to confirm some of Mr. Bent's conclusions. The author's chief discovery is, perhaps, the identification of the ruins of Yeha as the remains of the ancient Ava, which appears to have been the capital, before Aksum attained to that distinction. At Yeha, Mr. Bent found two rude stone monoliths; these stand at the old temple, "in front of the vestibule," thus forming a primitive Jachin and Boaz. At the base of one of these monoliths the altar-stone still exists, with a circular disc upon it, which is supposed to have received the blood of the sacrifice. This seems to throw a new light on a difficult subject, and suggests what may, perhaps, be the origin and original object for which obelisks were raised, and thus explains their meaning in front of Egyptian temples as well as those before temples in Arabia and Phœnicia. The author mentions square columns with chamfered corners at Zula—we used to write "Zoula"—and that they are the same as those he found at Aksum and Koloe; to this I can add that it is the column found in other parts of Abyssinia, and we saw them in the ruins of old churches on the march to Magdala. They are well represented in a rock-cut church at Dongolo, between Adigerat and Antalo, said to be as old as the fourth century, but that date is doubtful. My own impression is that this column is not derived from either a Greek or a Syrian influence. The explorations at Zula mentioned by Mr. Bent were made, if I recollect right, by Captain Goodfellow, R.E., and they showed the plan of a Christian church, of which I made a sketch, and it appeared at the time in *The Illustrated London News*. Everyone must wish Mr. and Mrs. Bent success and safety in the new expedition they have undertaken to South Arabia, and that they will bring back equally good and valuable material as that which appears in the present volume.

WILLIAM SIMPSON.

THE PARIS BOOKSTALLS.

The Book-Hunter in Paris: Studies on the Bookstalls and the Quays. By Octave Uzanne. With a Preface by Augustine Birrell, M.P. (London: Elliot Stock.)—It is to be gathered from Mr. Birrell's preface to the English translation of M. Uzanne's agreeable treatise on the bookstall-keepers of the Paris quays *et autres*—a preface which is brief, but, as



THE HUNTED AND THE HUNTERS.

From "The Book-Hunter in Paris."

Mr. Carlyle used to say, shows the author in moderately good spirits—that Mr. Birrell is a bookstall-hunter, like his revered chief and others. The present writer fears that he has somewhat dropped out of the company of those who turn over "the fourpenny box," though in earlier years it was not unknown to him. Shortsightedness is not a good equipment for bookstall-hunting; neither is lack of leisure. Also I must confess to a weakness which every true bibliophile will regard with just scorn. The approach of age is marked, according to Master Francis, by "a more dreadful apprehension of bad wine"; and I do not contest the truth of this. But it is also marked in my case by a more dreadful apprehension of a dirty book. It is a good custom to wash hands before taking up a book; but I do not like a book which requires you to wash them after it has been taken up. Moreover, the Hausmanisation of London has driven bookstalls mostly to back streets, and when man goeth forth to his work and to his labour he does not, save in the Holborn neighbourhood, often see them.

What would happen if the Embankment became, like the Paris quays, the home of second-hand books? One thing, I fear, is nearly certain—the London County Council would have to be extinguished before any such scheme

could be carried out. For the life of a bookstall-keeper, with a County Councilman of strong "purity" principles popping in upon him continually to see if he had an unbowlerised Shakspeare, or a Delphin Lucretius, or a Grose's "Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue," venal at his stall, would not be worth living. And yet the neighbourhood is at least as worthy of literature as the banks of the Seine, and as full of literary memories, while the sky influences would be much "less worse" than it would be easy to persuade a Frenchman, and the natural and picturesque framework a good deal better in some ways.

It is with Paris, however, not with London, that M. Uzanne busied. Indifferently well served by his translator, and very badly served by his corrector of the press, this author and editor of many pleasant things has added yet another in this pleasantly written and pleasantly illustrated monograph on the *bouquin*. He ends, and in a manner begins, with M. Xavier Marmier, that amiable Academician who



CONTEMPLATION.

From "The Book-Hunter in Paris."

after a blameless life spent in writing travel-books, histories of literature, translations, and miscellanies, in pure if not brilliant French, and having enjoyed those blessings of modest but sufficient endowment which his doubtless prouder and more defiant British brother knoweth not, departed this life not long ago, leaving £40 for a dinner to his friends the bookstall-keepers on the quays. One is glad to know that the baked meats duly came off. M. Uzanne mentions one mania of this very agreeable man and writer which might have been an expensive one. He bought his own books when he saw them on the stalls—a most dangerous practice. It is difficult to say to which kind of man of letters this sort of "plunging" would be more costly—the man of little sale who endeavoured to absorb remainders, or the man of many books and editions who wildly purchased the old copies.

But M. Uzanne is not merely anecdotic, though, of course, the more readable and attractive part of his book to some will be found in the anecdotes, which now and then have a touch of personality. He gives an account of the actual condition of the stalls, of the devices resorted to for arranging and protecting them, of the formalities (pretty strict and numerous these) which have to be gone through before securing a position on this part of the domain of the City of Paris and while in possession of it, of the statistics of this curious and, as it might seem, old-world business. There is a little learning in the book, and a little antiquarianism, and a great deal of gossip. Perhaps the most striking change that has come over the trade is one which appears to be of very modern origin—not five years old at the oldest, and as a prevailing thing not more than three. This is the abandonment of the old plan of clearing out the boxes and their contents every night, taking them home or to store, and leaving the parapets bare, in favour of a new system of permanent cases with covers, locks, bars, and staples let into the granite, so that when the stall-keeper's day is done he locks up his stall, as if it were a shop, and takes no more care till the morrow. It is difficult for the most strenuous conservative to formulate a distinct objection to this change; but I own that it seems to me the thin edge of the wedge, the letting out of the waters. The first and great difference between the stall and the shop is its mobility, its snail-shell quality of being carried or carriable on the back, so to speak. Give up this, and you open a large door. Even M. Uzanne, who is by no means very sentimental, anticipates that the quays "will soon be but long lines of commonplace shops, all alike and all uninteresting."

After all, however, the bookstall proper has been: and that is the principal thing. That "prétérît trépassé" in which Théophile Gautier so mournfully classed his joys and interests when the shadow of death was on him, is not the worst of tenses. It is, at any rate, better than the present that disappoints and the future that never comes.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

STUDIES OF PRISON LIFE.

Secrets of the Prison-House; or, Gaol Studies and Sketches. By Major Arthur Griffiths, one of H.M. Inspectors of Prisons. Illustrations by George D. Rowlandson. Two vols. (London: Chapman and Hall.)—Major Griffiths has written well of prisons and prison life before now, but he has put his best into these two volumes. They are the outcome of nearly five-and-twenty years' experience, and, so far as an outsider may judge, they include pretty nearly all that is to be told on the subject. Before he was an inspector of prisons, Major Griffiths was a prison governor. He began in ticklish times in Gibraltar, he held the reins at Millbank, he was the first governor of Wormwood Scrubbs, and presided over the building of that pattern gaol—a process, by-the-way, which showed the making of splendid labour out of the rawest criminal material. So far, then, as knowledge goes, Major Griffiths is a guide equipped at all points; for it may be added that he has travelled beyond these isles in his investigations of prison systems, with the workings of which, and their results, in all countries, he

seems entirely familiar. All this erudition would not have made a good book without the gift of the pen; but Major Griffiths has a bright, straightforward, racy style, which is as effective in a story of prison humours as in the discussion of a point of criminal anthropology. One can say little in so brief a space to explain the fullness of the book or the extreme variety of its contents; but it may be commended to the general reader as heartily as to students of the punitive and preventive systems of our own and other countries, to which, happily, so much sympathetic and intelligent attention is directed in these days. The more serious portions embrace the chapters on secondary punishment at home and abroad, an exhaustive examination of foreign penological systems, an admirable chapter on juvenile crime (Major Griffiths would give the young offender as little prison as possible), and the closing chapters, in which the general conclusion is set forth that the English system may, on the whole, "challenge comparison with any in the world." A lighter, or more personal interest belongs to some of the chapters which deal with actual criminal types of both sexes, and to the many graphic scenes of life in the "silent world." Major Griffiths seems to have known all the most distinguished criminals of the last quarter of a century, male and female, thieves, burglars, forgers, swindlers, and murderers; and by the time he has exhausted this uncommonly curious portrait gallery, the reader will know them too. It is high praise, but well deserving of bestowal, that, in these capacious volumes of five hundred pages each, there is literally nothing to skip.

TIGHE HOPKINS.

THE JOLLY ROGER WITH A VENGEANCE.

The Iron Pirate. By Max Pemberton. (Cassell and Co.)—I thought that stories of piratical adventure had ended for me with "Treasure Island." Mr. Howard Pyle's biographies of the old buccaneers of the Spanish Main, which to our boyhood's eye used to be a highway of blood and crossbones, eloquent with such rhetoric as "Yours shall be the booty, mine the girl, and once on board the lugger—" Mr. Pyle's stories, I say, failed to stir my pulse; and even Jules Verne's Captain Nemo always struck me as oppressively scientific. That gloomy cut-throat, if I remember rightly, had a grandpapa on the Vengeur—at any rate, he inherited a ferocious antipathy to the English from the somewhat mythical legend about the sinking of that famous fighting-ship. Captain Black, the pirate of Mr. Pemberton's story, has a more comprehensive animus. Some rascally swindler caused the death of his wife and sent his only son to a swamp to die of fever. After that Captain Black conceived a bloodthirsty hatred of the whole human race, and this book sets forth the highly original and audacious method he devised for gratifying that immeasurable passion. This was nothing less than the construction of a formidable battle-ship, made of some invulnerable metal called "phosphor-bronze," armed with tremendous guns (one of them is a twenty-nine ton) and propelled by gas at a speed hitherto unattainable by modern ship-builders. With this huge machine Captain Black becomes the scourge of ocean commerce, robbing great Atlantic liners, which are sent to the bottom leaving not a soul to tell the tale. This game is played with brilliant success till the pirate's prey escapes him owing to the opportune arrival of an American cruiser. Then there is such a hue-and-cry as the civilised world has never heard, and in the midst of it Captain Black retires to a harbour on the coast of Greenland. He emerges from this retreat for his last cruise, and is brought to bay in the Channel for lack of the oil which is needed in enormous quantities to work the engines of his ship. After sinking one pursuer with her guns, and ramming another, the pirate vessel is blown to atoms by her deaf and dumb engineer, but not before Captain Black and the narrator of the story are afloat in a dinghy, with very little water and far too much champagne. When Mr. Mark Strong wakes from a delirious sleep, he finds himself, with a belt full of his companion's diamonds, in the hands of some kindly German mariners who have picked him up; but Captain Black has disappeared, and with a practical eye to his possible resuscitation in another tale, Mr. Pemberton shrouds his fate in judicious mystery.

Now, I thought all this piratical business had lost its charm for me; but after a few pages I found myself completely gripped by Mr. Pemberton's fantasy of buccaneering devilry up-to-date. There are obvious improbabilities, no doubt. The detective whose papers disclose Black's enterprise to Strong, and who has already had one blood-curdling experience of a futile disguise, would scarcely trust himself in Black's company on the high seas. It is difficult to believe that such a ship could be built and armed in a dock at Spezzia without attracting the attention of the authorities. And Strong's resemblance to the pirate's dead son may seem insufficient to account for his various escapes from Black's vengeance. But when you have surmounted these difficulties, which, indeed, scarcely suggest themselves till the book is closed, you are completely under the spell of Mr. Pemberton's fancy. There are descriptive passages which remind me of that famous battle with the pirate in Charles Reade's "Hard Cash," a piece of writing which has rarely been equalled in its way. Mr. Pemberton's pictures of the life in the Greenland harbour—the wretched captives doomed to work in the coal mines, and shot or driven into the snow when the stores run short; the mortal duel of the two pirates, who pay this penalty for a breach of discipline, and are sentenced to fight for their lives; the ship's doctor who raves in the ice-cave, where the dead are encased and preserved in their transparent tombs just as they died, and are apostrophised by their old comrade as if they were still living—all these scenes are painted with genuine power. Even Black's singular affection for his guest and prisoner becomes human and even touching. I suppose it is immoral, but I feel sorry for him in the open boat grovelling among the empty champagne-bottles, and I beg Mr. Pemberton most earnestly to give us another incarnation of Captain Black, who is worthy to share a glorious infamy with David Pew and Long John Silver.

L. F. AUSTIN.



CHILDHOOD'S FAIRYLAND.



A CHRISTMAS FIRESIDE.

IRISH FAIRIES.

BY ANDREW LANG.

For a pleasant, pathetic, charming view of Irish people and Irish manners, no modern writer is to be matched with Mr. Yeats. His new book, "The Celtic Twilight" (Lawrence and Bullen), reminds the reader, in some degree, of a Celtic Charles Lamb. Many of the essays are short, but, as we wish them longer, Mr. Yeats has succeeded. "A remonstrance with Scotsmen for having soured the disposition of their Ghosts and Fairies" is particularly good, and, to some extent, historically true. It is not, however, the natural disposition of the Scotch that has reacted unfavourably on the fairies, but the Puritanism of the Reformers and the Covenanters produced the heavy change. Thus, in the singular and minute account of the Fairy Commonwealth by the Rev. Mr. Kirk (1692), he speaks of the fairies just as he might of the Antipodes. They are a peculiar people, of course, with ways of their own, "joquing sprites," wags; their young women are "inconvenient," because only too affectionate. Never a harsh word has Mr. Kirk for his occasionally visible parishioners. But then, Mr. Kirk was, apparently, an Episcopalian before the Revolution of 1688. At the very least he must have been one of the "indulged," or more moderately Puritan clergy. Again, the Rev. John Frazer of Tiree and Coll, who died ten years after Kirk, was an Episcopalian minister, Dean of the Isles, and a Jacobite. He was made prisoner by the English, when they attacked the little Isle of Eigg, in 1689, and committed many acts of lust and rapine, which had been foretold by second-sighted men, as both Frazer and Martin, Dr. Johnson's favourite author, gravely informs us. Mr. Frazer left a work on the second sight and other island marvels, published three years after his death, in 1705. He has no harsh remarks to make on the subject—indeed, unlike Kirk, he has a thoroughly modern and scientific theory that visions are merely revived impressions on the brain. This kind of minister sours the disposition of the local ghosts and fairies, for this kind of minister was no Puritan. "The Catholic religion likes to keep on good terms with its neighbours," "the guild neebours," as the Scotch naturally call them, "the people of peace." But the Calvinism of southern Scotland did not feel particularly anxious to keep on good terms with anyone who would not sign the Solemn League and Covenant. No fairy ever did anything of the kind. Thus, when witches were tried in Scotland, having "nothing to fess," like Topsy, they merely told how they had met the fairies, the Queen of Elfan, and the fairy king and queen (in origin akin to Pluto and Prosperine) were confused in Presbyterian minds with the Devil. Presbyterianism left no middle region, nothing analogous to purgatory. A spirit was a good spirit or a bad spirit, bad for choice; he was condemned, and people who saw him ran a risk of being burned. John Mair, or Major, writing before the Reformation, proves that the Church was not so strict then, at least as regards Brownies.

Fairies are gay and graceful in Ireland, says Mr. Yeats; they do deeds of terror in Scotland. This sounds very well; but they do deeds of terror in Ireland too, according to Mr. Yeats's own story of "The Three O'Byrnes and the Evil Fairies." As for the fairy girls who killed their lovers in Glenfinlas, this they did, not because they were Scotch, but because "it was their nature to." The Sirens (not Scotch exactly) were of the same family, and Mr. Stevenson has found these dangerous flirts in the South Sea Isles, as he shows in "Island Nights' Entertainment." As for the story of the piper (McCrimmon in Mr. Yeats's book), who got into the cave and never came out, does the story not occur in Ireland? It is told in Edinburgh of a passage between Holyrood and the Castle; at Campbelltown, in Mull, of MacKinnon's cave, and in Skye, if a McCrimmon, one of McLeod's hereditary pipers, is named as the hero. One expects to find the story wherever one finds a cave. The water-cow still resides in Loch-na-Bheast in spite of baits set for her and an attempt to drain her out. But the water-cow, called the Bunyip, has been seen by Europeans in Australian lakes. She is like a freshwater seal. Probably the Irish do not set lines for their water-cows—a course of conduct which is likely to sour the water-cow's disposition. As for ghosts, the only sourness on record is that of the bogle who bowled out the Rev. Mr. Thomson, minister of Southdean and father of the author of "The Castle of Indolence." According to legend, Mr. Thomson went to exorcise this bogle, who slew him with a ball of fire for interfering. As a matter of fact, Mr. Thomson did die suddenly—too suddenly for his son Jamie, then in Edinburgh, to receive his last blessing. Moreover,

there was, in the parish, at Wollca, a house which had to be pulled down because it was haunted. Again, Mr. Thomson was buried two days after his death, which was unusually hasty. But there does not appear to be any evidence that he had visited Wollca just before his decease. The country gossip probably combined a sudden death and a local bogle into the legend. Thus, it is of no great value for Mr. Yeats's argument. His Hibernian spectres in "Village Ghosts" are not at all more genial than common. They make the usual noises,



CENTREPIECE FOR THE OFFICERS' MESS OF THE
1ST BATTALION 5TH FUSILIERS.

and burn people on the wrists in the habitual way. "The great Celtic phantasmagoria" is the great world's phantasmagoria. Mr. Yeats has found a village Blake, and a peasant Taliesin. Perhaps Blake was Irish; when we come to think of it, the name is common in Ireland. It may be argued that all the world has its visionaries—Scandinavia, Germany, Greece, where the Nereids do duty for fairies, Finland, where the poetry has a note usually called Celtic—and that we only hear more of phantasmagoria in Ireland because newspapers and education come slower up that way. It is an astonishing thing that, with all the poetry of the popular Irish imagination, the country has had no great literary poet. It is also rather odd that there are sorcerers in Ireland, who sacrifice black cocks, sit in the dark over smouldering herbs, play all the old, old game, and let Mr. Yeats view the performance. One wonders how these men vote.

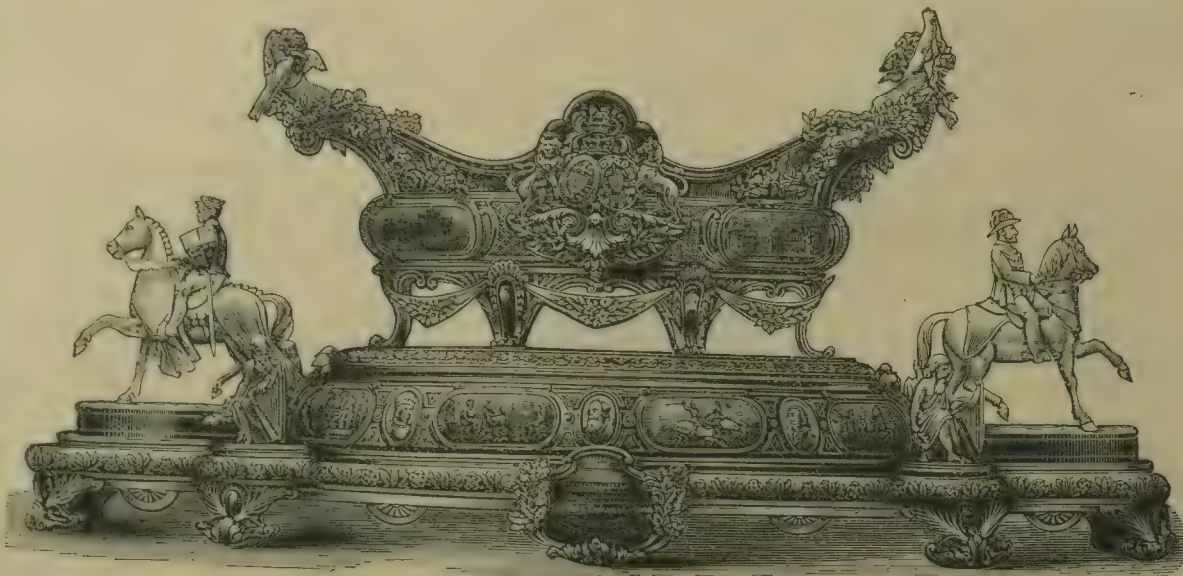
ART NOTES.

The one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the signature of the "Instrument" creating the Royal Academy was duly celebrated at Burlington House on Dec. 10, when Sir Frederick Leighton, as President, delivered his biennial discourse. Having in previous years dealt with the leading features of art in Italy, Spain, and

was with great wealth of learning and observation, it is possible he will find less unanimity. His view is that German Gothic architecture is practically a development of German Romanesque, of which the famous Domkirche at Aachen (Aix-la-Chapelle) may, and probably did, serve as an original type and starting-point. Crossing the Rhine, the Gothic feature became more and more marked, until it found its full development in central Germany. This view may or may not be correct, but anyone who has been at the pains of starting from what might be called the cradle of the Goths would find in the Cathedral at Roskilde, in Denmark, a simple rudimentary Gothic style, which, slightly modified in the Baltic-Gothic architecture of the North German cities of Rostock, Schwerin, Stralsund, &c., gradually becomes more and more ornamented and complex as it extends south and west, and in this way marches with the stream of history, instead of against it, as the President's theory would have us believe.

With regard to the prize-winners and their works, a few words should be said. The Gold Medal and Travelling Studentship were awarded to Mr. Harold E. Speed for an historical painting, "Joseph Interpreting Pharaoh's Dream." The best parts of the composition were the figure of Joseph, with his arm lifted, and the figure of the courtier or officer in the left-hand corner. The decorations, which were rather in the style of Mr. Waterhouse's work, were good in colour and well arranged. In some respects, however, the picture No. 5 (no names are given of unsuccessful candidates) was better grouped, and the contrast between the white, fair-fleshed Joseph with the swarthy Egyptians was effective. Mr. Harold Waite was the winner of both the landscape prizes, "Moonrise before Sunset" being the subject for the Turner Gold Medal, and "Hedge-row Elms on Hillocks Green" for the Creswick Prize. For the former Mr. Waite, taking George Mason as his guide, had given a bright bit of evening sky just flecked with clouds, over a pool of still water which reflected back the same colours. The foreground of tangled bushes and grass was carefully worked out and brought into thorough harmony with the rest of the picture. In a far less conventional style is No. 45—a distant view of blue hills seen over a dark loch, obviously a careful study from nature, and full of promise; the illumination of the picture, the chief difficulty for young artists, being well sustained throughout. The competition for the Creswick Prize seemed to raise very curious ideas about the growth and habits of elms in the minds of some of the competitors, and the successful work, which represents "a plot of rising ground," was in every sense worthy of its reward. The Gold Medal for Sculpture was awarded to Mr. David McGill for his group of St. Sebastian—a clever and spirited work, in which Irene and her attendants really seemed to be removing the saint's dead body, whereas in the other competitive groups they seemed only to be clinging to it. Mr. James S. Stewart was the winner of the Gold Medal for Architecture, with a design for a provincial townhall. The ladies, of whom Miss Evelyn Pyke-Nott was doubly successful, carried off six prizes, but so far they have not yet succeeded in attaining the honours of a gold medal with its accompanying travelling studentship. In nine competitions the prizes, including the Armitage Medal, were not awarded.

A centrepiece of silver plate has been presented to the officers' mess of the 1st Battalion of the 5th Fusiliers. It is a beautifully modelled solid silver "George and the Dragon," standing upon an ebonised pedestal, at each corner of which is a figure typical of the uniform of the regiment at the periods 1688, 1742, 1809, and 1887 respectively. At each end of the pedestal is a silver panel, richly chased with scenes of the Battle of Wilhelmstahl and the meeting of Generals Havelock and Outram at the Relief of Lucknow. On the obverse is a silver shield bearing the inscription: "To the Officers 1st Battalion 5th Fusiliers, from Philip Fitzroy, 19th January, 1892." On the reverse are represented several of the battles in which the regiment has been engaged, arranged in the form of the figure "V" in raised silver block letters. The centrepiece has been purchased with a legacy bequeathed by the late commanding officer, Colonel FitzRoy. It was designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, 112, Regent Street, and is a splendid specimen of art silver-work.



WELSH NATIONAL PRESENTATION WEDDING GIFT TO THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK.

France, the President this year brought to bear upon German art, especially as displayed in architecture, the results of much careful study and professional knowledge. Sir Frederick Leighton's speeches are as mellifluous and as carefully balanced as his pictures, but although he was anxious to recognise the part played by Germany in the development of art, it was not difficult to see that he had little sympathy with its extravagant love of ornamentation, inspired by no vital principle of art. He was ready to render justice to the patient laboriousness of German artists and artificers, but failed to discover by what sentiment they were animated or what symbolism they cultivated. On these points there will probably be a very general agreement—outside Germany—with the President, but on the general drift of his own theory, supported as it

minating in a set of mouldings ornamented with orange blossoms and true lovers' knots; around this are eight panels containing repoussé plaques in solid 18-carat gold, each one illustrating a scene in Welsh history. Between these are portraits of famous Welshmen. Upon the square ends stand two equestrian statuettes of King Henry V. and Albert Edward Prince of Wales. On each side are figures of ancient Welsh bards. The jardinière is an oval basket of graceful outline, with four panels in gold repoussé, representing the castles of Harlech, Raglan, Pembroke, and Carnarvon. The whole is of unusually large dimensions, measuring in length five feet six inches, in width three feet, and two feet six inches in height; its weight exceeding 3000 ounces. It was designed and manufactured by Messrs. Elkington and Co., Old Mansion House, 73, Cheapside.



"VIERGE CONSOLATRICE."

By BOUGUEREAU.—AT THE LUXEMBOURG PALACE.

A CHRISTMAS CRUISE.



Once four jolly Sailors
As ever you did see
Having sailed The world around
Set out upon a spree

They jumped into The long boat
Which quickly reached The shore
And started for a cruise on wheels
Upon a Coach and four.

Four lively, spanking firs
With many a snort & neigh
And a driver spruce & trim
Were got under weigh.

Puffing out his chubby
Cheeks
As to The manner born
Bob'n Ben did blow a blast
Upon The Coachman's horn.

Soon looking through a glass
To see where they did go
Merry Jack did spy a lass

On the weather bow.

Walking by the roadside trim
With her eyes of blue
Midst some other wenches
Was The "Saucy Sue."

Signals to them
Soon are made
For to take in tow.
"Heave to" ye lasses
fair
And come aboard. Yo
ho!

The Driver pulls up with
a jerk
To please the merry band
Whilst to haul The girls
upon the roof
E'en the parson lends a hand.



Two doughty Highwaymen
Soon did them espy
And bearing down to windward
Made the women cry.

Down jump the Sailors bold
For fighting a ways prime
Whilst the jolly Parson
Holds the watch, and bellows
"Time"



Soon on their marrow
bones
For mercy they did beg
But are lashed to the
fences whence
They cannot stir a peg.



The Coach again was
mounted

By the girls and jolly blues
And once again so fairly
They started on their cruise

"Brail up" my hearties there
We've got the lubbers' swag
Said Jack as he brought
up the rear
Upon the Pirates' nag.



When a harbour bore in sight
They all did anchor cast
And o'er a flowing bowl of Punch
Forgot the frowled past
But their Gallant leader
Brave Jack so true & true
Fell an easy victim
To the Saucy Sue



There's no time like the present—
So ere the set of Sun
The Parson spliced the Lovers Knot
And quickly made them One

The Bosun blew his whistle
The Fiddler scraped away
And all joined hands in dancing
Upon the Wedding Day.



SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Is the influenza coming to be like the poor, always with us? Having come once, I am sorry to say, by all appearances, it appears that it has come to stay. I have had three attacks, and, as I write, a mild touch by way of a fourth instalment. In my case, I have escaped all serious after-consequences, although in a spirit of determination not to be beaten and to avoid throwing out existing arrangements, I worked on through the attacks; my labours including during the influenza seizures two courses of Gilchrist Lectures. I paid for my temerity on the third occasion by a long and tiresome period of convalescence, during which I could hardly say I was definitely ill or actually well. My friends, learned in physic, told me I was suffering from "neurasthenia"—a nice, convenient term, which, like the old lady's "blessed word Mesopotamia," seems to mean so much, but which, freely translated, simply implies that you have "run down." And so I worked on, dragging my feet wearily along the pathways of duty, until kindly nature and a good constitution reasserted themselves, and restored me to my accustomed health.

This ultra-personal record has been suggested by the fact of influenza being rampant around me as I write. I have figures before me showing that as regards London in the week ending Dec. 2 there were seventy-four deaths recorded from *la grippe*. For five weeks previously, the death-rate from influenza had been mounting up from seven to thirty-six; then came the rise to seventy-four, and not since February 1892 has this latter point been reached. People above sixty years of age, I observe, have suffered most severely. Recuperative power, I suppose, in old people is not equal to the demand made upon them, and so fatal complications are less easily resisted than in the case with younger subjects. I have been reading up influenza literature of late days, with but scant intellectual results, I am afraid. I fancy the microbe is like that of rabies in one way, in that both ultimately seek the nervous centres, and work out, either directly or through the products they throw out, their dire effects on the brain. The horrible mental depression, lassitude, nerve-weakness, and so forth, all seem due to this partiality of *la grippe* for the nervous realm. If it be true that our white blood-corpuscles are engaged in fighting whatever microbes gain entrance to our frames, then I should say they have yet to learn how to combat the influenza germ successfully. As far as I can learn, there is no specific, save plenty of fresh air and attention to the good old rule—keep up a high standard of your general health, and, above all, don't be afraid of infection, or worry about your chances of acquiring or escaping the malady. And when it does seize you, go to bed at once, and don't do as I did in attempting to toil on, for influenza is like typhoid fever itself: the sooner you go to bed, the sooner will you be up and out of it.

May I be permitted to say a word regarding the lamented death of Professor Tyndall? I need not attempt to add to the already widely expressed and natural regret which has followed upon not only the actual loss to us of a great mind, but also upon the peculiarly sad manner in which that loss was sustained. Our deep sympathy will be extended to Mrs. Tyndall in her bereavement, and after saying so much, no one will further intrude upon a grief which is sacred after the manner of all such sorrows. Of Professor Tyndall himself, my memories are those of one of the clearest expositors of science to whom the world has ever listened, one of the most upright and conscientious of men, and one of the ablest and most charming of writers. As a hater of humbug in all its forms, Professor Tyndall had few equals, and the quiet and earnest but trenchant manner in which he was accustomed to express his views will not be forgotten by those who have heard him speak, or who are familiar with his essays on social topics. I well remember his eloquent defence of a rational Sunday delivered at Glasgow, an occasion when I had the felicity of taking part in the proceedings over which Professor Tyndall presided. We can ill spare men who have done so much to make science understood by the masses; and if any of my readers wish for an attractive Christmas study of frost and ice, let them read Tyndall's "Forms of Water," published in the "International Science Series," and learn how graphically and clearly he could tell the complex story of ice-action and its results. The last words of that book, if I mistake not (I quote from memory), are, "And now give me your hand. Farewell!" How appropriate seem these words, in face of the sad event of a few days gone by!

An interesting note about the weight of bees appears in an American journal devoted to agriculture. It seems that an ordinary bee, not carrying any load of pollen, weighs the one five-thousandth of a pound. Five thousand bees thus make up a pound weight. When, however, the bee is carrying his load of pollen or honey, as he returns from foraging amid the flowers, his weight is increased nearly three times. He carries thus about twice his own weight, a result not surprising to those who have studied the muscular powers and ways of insects at large. When bees are loaded it requires only eighteen hundred of them to make up the pound. Details are also given regarding the number of bees which may exist in a hive. From 4 lb. to 5 lb. weight of bees are found in an ordinary colony. This means, in figures of population, some 20,000 to 25,000 individuals. A big swarm, it is said, will often double this estimate.

Talking of bees, if any of my readers wish to indulge in a very curious and fascinating bit of zoological study, they should read the story of what is called "parthenogenesis" in bees and other insects, such as the aphides or green-flies of the roses and other plants. For such eggs of the queen bee as are fertilised when laid, turn out workers (or neuters) or queens, while those which are not fertilised at all develop into males or drones. This is very singular, because fertilisation of an egg or seed is regarded ordinarily as necessary for its due development. I know of nothing more extraordinary than the story biology has to tell regarding this curious bye-way of animal development.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

J W S (Montreal).—No, there is nothing wrong in such a variation, any more than would be a mating position with P becoming a Kt while there were still two of the same colour on the board.

PERCY HEALEY.—Thanks, we are sure it will prove both good and sound. J BENJAMIN (Bombay).—Game received, for which we are obliged.

F H ROLLISON (Eastcote).—No. 2592 is quite correct, and when you have had more experience in solving you will find it is better to doubt yourself rather than the problem.

J F MOON.—There is an ugly dual in your problem if Black play 1. R takes P by 2. Kt to Q 3rd (ch), &c.

W DAVID (Cardiff).—There is another solution to your problem by 1. P takes B (Queening), K to B 5th; 2. Q to K 6th (ch), and the new Queen mates.

R KELLY.—Much obliged.

G DOUGLAS ANGUS.—Another solution, 1. Kt (at B 3rd) to K 4th, K moves; 2. B to K 6th, &c.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS No. 2587 and 2589 received from J W Shaw (Montreal); of No. 2590 from E W Brook, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), and Henry Brandreth; of No. 2591 from John Jonas (Chester), Howich, Henry Brandreth, Sidney Williams, E W Brook, Dr. Tidswell (Morecambe), A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), E G Boys, P B Gwerin (Guernsey), I I Blythe, Rev. G T Carpenter, H H (Peterborough), and H S Cox (Kettering).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2592 received from E E H. Sorrento, T G (Ware), Shadforth, Julia Short (Exeter), W Wright, H S Brandreth, Blair Cochrane (Clewley), Charles Burnett, L Beirlant (Bruges), Brockley, E Loudon, T Roberts, Martin E, M A Eyre (Folkestone), G R Hargreaves (Brighton), J Ross (Whitley), L Desanges, N Harris, A J Hagood (Haslar), W R Raillem, Ubique, Sidney Williams, A W Hamilton-Gell, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), John Jonas, Alpha, F J Knight, H B Hurford, G Joicey, E G Boys, Rev G T Carpenter, R H Brooks, Joseph Wilcock (Chester), T T Blythe, J Cond, G T Hughes (Athy), C E Perugini, A Newman, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), John McRobert (Crossgar), R Worters (Canterbury), Odiham Club, W R B (Plymouth), and C M A B.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2591.—By MAX J. MEYER.

WHITE.
1. Q to Q 7th
2. Kt takes P
3. Q mates.

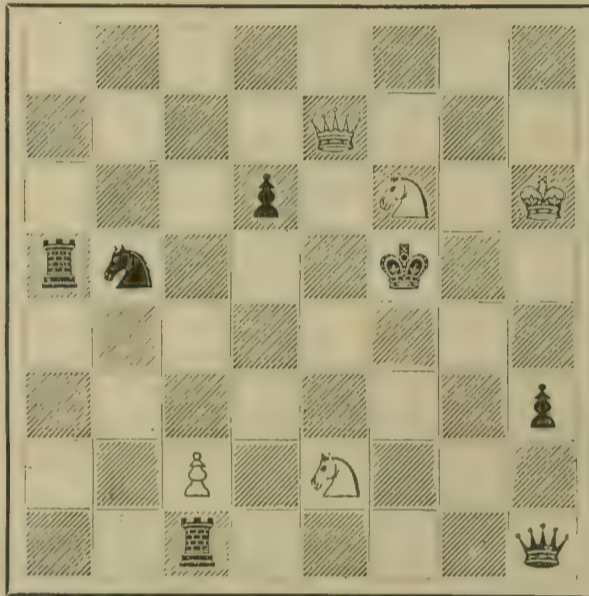
BLACK.
K takes Kt
K to K 6th

If Black play 1. K to Q 5th, 2. Kt to B 3rd (dis ch); and if 1. P to Kt 6th, then 2. Kt to B 3rd, P to Kt 7th; 3. Q mates.

PROBLEM No. 2594.

By F. HEALEY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in the match between Messrs. SHOWALTER and HALPERN.

(French Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)
1. P to K 4th
2. P to Q 4th
3. Kt to Q B 3rd
4. B to K Kt 5th
5. B takes Kt
6. P to K 5th
7. Q to Kt 4th
8. P to K R 4th
9. Q to B 4th
10. Kt to B 3rd
11. P takes P
12. Castles (Q R)
13. Kt to K Kt 5th
14. Kt takes Q P

BLACK (Mr. H.)
1. P to K 3rd
2. P to Q 4th
3. Kt to K B 3rd
4. B to K 2nd
5. B takes B
6. B to K 2nd
7. P to K Kt 3rd
8. P to K R 4th
9. P to R 3rd
10. P to Q B 4th
11. B takes B P
12. Q to B 2nd
13. Kt to Q B 3rd
14. Kt takes Q P

The critical point of the game. It will, we think, be clear, after examining White's position, that the sacrifice is demanded. The alternative, R to K sq, is not promising, but he dare not give up the R P, for the attack would go over to Black at once, except for the very interesting continuation in the text.

11. P takes P
12. Kt to Q sq
13. Kt to Q sq
14. Kt takes P

More brilliancy, but fairly obvious; as

WHITE (Mr. S.)
15. Q to B 6th (ch)
16. Q takes R
17. Q to B 6th (ch)
18. Q takes R (ch)
19. B to B 4th
20. Q to B 6th
21. P takes Q
22. B takes P

BLACK (Mr. H.)
15. Q takes R
16. K takes R
17. Q to K 2nd
18. Q takes R (ch)
19. B to K 2nd
20. R to Kt sq
21. Q takes Q
22. B takes P

White has the pretty winning stroke of B to Kt 6th (ch) ready if Black ventures K to Q 2nd, followed by R to Q sq (ch), which wins.

As White has two Pawns ahead, and one dangerously near Queening, the rest is only a question of time.

22. B to K 4th
23. B to K 6th (ch)
24. K to Kt sq
25. R to K sq
26. P to B 7th
27. R to Q sq
28. B to K 6th

SOME HOLIDAY PROBLEMS.

By F. HEALEY.

White: K at Q R sq, Q at Q B sq, Rs at K Kt sq and K 8th, Bs at Q R 2nd and K R 4th, Kt at Q Kt 7th, Ps at Q 2nd and K 3rd.
Black: K at K B 6th, Kt at K 8th, B at K 5th, Ps at Q 3rd, 4th, and 5th, K B 4th and 5th, Q B 7th, and K Kt 7th.

White to play and mate in three moves.

By G. C. HEYWOOD.

White: K at Q B 8th, Q at Q Kt 3rd, Rs at Q R 3rd and K B 5th, Kts at Q 5th and K B 7th, P at K R 5th.
Black: K at K 2nd, Q at K B 7th, B at K Kt 3rd, Ps at Q B 2nd, and Q Kt 4th. White to play and mate in three moves.

By W. PULITZER.

White: K at K R 8th, Q at Q R 6th, Rs at K R 8th and Q Kt 5th, Kts at Q sq and Q B 5th, B at K B 6th, Ps at Q 3rd, K Kt 7th and K R 4th.
Black: K at Q 4th, R at K Kt 6th, Kts at Q R 4th, and 7th, B at Q 3rd, Ps at Q 2nd and Q R 2nd. White to play and mate in two moves.

By G. J. SLATER.

White: K at Q R 6th, Q at K Kt 5th, R at Q sq, Bs at K R sq and K B 8th, Kt at K 5th, Ps at K B 3rd and Q B 6th.
Black: K at Q 4th, Rs at Q 3rd and 5th, B at Q Kt 3rd, Ps at K 2nd and Q R 2nd. White to play and mate in two moves.

We learn that Mr. J. H. Blackburne has left London and settled down at Hastings. During the last fortnight he has been on tour through Kent, giving his famous blindfold exhibitions with his usual amount of success. He is now enjoying a well-earned rest over Christmas, after visiting, since October, twenty different clubs and playing over 400 games.

A match played on Dec. 6 between the Metropolitan and St. George's Chess Clubs resulted in a victory for the former with the score of 6 to 4. For the losers the Rev. W. Wayte won a dashing Pierce gambit from Mr. A. Guest.

Two matches in the A Division of the London Chess League were played on Dec. 15, when the Metropolitan defeated the Athenæum with a score of 14 to 6, and Ludgate Circus were victorious over the Bohemians by 11½ to 8½.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

When yet another young American woman entered the ranks of British Peeresses the other day in the person of Miss Grant, who was married to the Earl of Essex, she was attired in a very splendid and to some extent unique manner. Her wedding-dress was of white satin embroidered heavily all over the train with silver rays, in shape resembling the familiar "rising sun" points, though of the chaste hue of the sister luminary. The train so decorated fell from a large silver dove placed between the shoulders. In order to give all this embroidery its full prominence the position of the veil, which was of Alençon lace, was reversed from the usual order, for it reached the hem in front, while it was gathered up from the shoulders at the back not to hide the decorations. Certainly, the back view of a bride is very important. Still, a dress should always appear, at any rate, to be designed to enhance the natural attractions of the wearer, and this exclusive ornamentation of the back of the gown was making the bride appear too much like a figure to show off the silver embroideries to be quite a success as an idea, though the effect was very handsome. The Earl's mother, Viscountess Malden (whose husband died without succeeding to the peerage) was present, and took charge of the little lad whom this marriage was providing with a charming young stepmother.

Lady Brooke, who, by the death of her husband's father, is henceforth Countess of Warwick, is one of the most interesting of "great ladies." She is remarkably handsome; an excellent whip, even with four-in-hand; a bold rider in the hunting-field, where she set the fashion of ladies appearing in pink; and a bright and witty talker, being much appreciated as a companion by so good a judge as the Prince of Wales. The possessor of all these qualities, which would have made her distinguished if poor, was also one of the great heiresses of the century. But amid all the claims and distractions of that actual position, the new Lady Warwick some years ago initiated and successfully carries on a business enterprise in the interests of the poor girls of her village in Essex. It is situated in an agricultural district, and therefore there was but little work for the girls. They were obliged to choose between the field labour, very hard and badly remunerated, and leaving their homes and parents to go into London employment—a dangerous experiment for lonely country girls, untrained to city life and unaccompanied in the wide metropolis. The kind lady of the manor made up her mind to provide some occupation at home for the more refined and delicate village maidens, and for those who had some tie to the place, such as aged parents whom they could not well leave. So she started a school of needlework to manufacture the fine *lingerie*, by hand, that every woman who can afford it would infinitely prefer to have instead of the "stubby" and rough machine sewing. Her Ladyship engaged a competent teacher of fine needlework, and herself took the trouble to select the best Paris styles of underlinen to be copied in the school. Soon the business outgrew the private circle of the kind founder. Strangers began to send to ask for orders to be executed, till at last Lady Brooke determined to develop the scheme to the full, and opened a dépôt in Bond Street to take orders from anybody who will pay what she considers the fair price for the quality of the work executed in the school. One feature of her arrangements is that when orders are few, Lady Warwick does not turn her girls forth to their own resources, but pays their wages just the same, to enable them to live till business is brisk again. The more one knows of the engagements and the thousand influences that tend to the leading of a purely selfish and self-absorbed life by a woman in the position of this lady, the more admirable such an effort on her part to serve and aid the less fortunate appears.

It was a great disappointment to the Clerkenwell people that the Princess of Wales was not able to accompany the Prince on his visit there on Dec. 13 to open the new Board School that has been erected on the site where a prison had stood for three centuries previously. This is the third London prison that has been dispensed with during the last few years, and nobody acquainted with the case can doubt that the diminution in crime that this happy circumstance indicates is chiefly the result of the spread of enlightenment and the cultivation of habits of order and obedience by the work of the School Board. This particular school is one of the most complete that has yet been erected. There are means for teaching laundry work to girls, which is a new experiment, as well as cooking, which has always been one of the subjects of School Board instruction for girls. Another extremely interesting branch of the special teaching that is to be given in this school is the lip language to deaf mutes. This method of making the dumb able to speak was a mere experiment at the time that I was a member of the London School Board, and the only "centre" that then existed for it was under the enthusiastic management of Dr. Stainer in the division that I represented, where Princess Louise sometimes visited us. But now the success of the method, not in picked cases and with an enthusiast for teacher, but in ordinary conditions, is established; and the Prince of Wales was shown a happy crowd belonging to that naturally unhappy class of children, those who were dumb simply because their ears could not hear, and so their tongues could not learn the speech of others, and who are now in the London Board Schools taught actually to talk. They do best, of course, with each other, or with trained teachers of the lip language, but they can converse fairly well with anybody, by watching the movements of the lips; and many of them manage soon to do all the ordinary school lessons, almost, perhaps quite, as well as the non-afflicted of their rank in life. It is a beautiful thing that intelligence and the normal power of speech should be thus actually bestowed on all these unfortunates by means of the public elementary school. A body of neat little girls performed drill and physical exercises before the Prince very satisfactorily; and some boys handled carpentering tools neatly. It is a pity that the ratepayers who find the system so costly have not more opportunities of getting to admire it and be interested in it by seeing with their own eyes the excellence of the work managed by Mr. Diggle and his colleagues.

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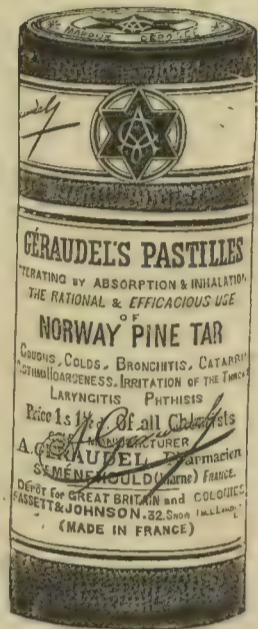
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 22, 1883), with a codicil (dated April 10, 1893), of Diana Harriett Louisa, Lady Lanerton, late of Woolbeding, Midhurst, Sussex, who died on Nov. 2, was proved on Dec. 5 by Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Arthur Lascelles, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £107,000. The testatrix appoints, under the power given to her by settlement, the manor and advowson of Woolbeding, and all her messuages, farmlands, and hereditaments in Woolbeding and Easebourne, or elsewhere in the county of Sussex, to the said Henry Arthur Lascelles. She bequeaths certain paintings and all her jewels, old lace, and ornaments to Lady Taunton; an annuity of £1000 to her companion, Grace McCauley Campbell; an annuity of £300 to Mrs. Constance Stopford; £2000 to Mrs. Beatrice Blanche Temple, the wife of the Bishop of London, for her separate use; £500 each to Alice Jane Marian Ogilvy and Diana Elizabeth Maria Ogilvy; £200 to her steward, Robert Tanner; and one year's wages each to her indoor servants, coachman, grooms, and head gardener, who have been three years in her service at her decease. The residue of her real and personal estate she gives to the said Lieutenant-Colonel Lascelles.

The will of Mr. John Boulderson Barkworth, late of South Leigh, near Havant, Hants, has now been proved. After bequeathing to Mrs. Barkworth the contents of his house, South Leigh, and giving legacies to his brothers, nephews, and £300 to each of his trustees, he devises the South Leigh Estate and other lands to Mrs. Barkworth for life, and then settles the same on his grandson Joseph Robinson Pease. His share of the Wootton Estate, Lincolnshire, he gives to his nephew Edmund Barkworth; and the North Estate, in the parish of Catherington, also Cams and other property in the village of Hambledon, Hants, to his grandson William Henry Barkworth Robinson Pease. He directs his trustees to set apart and invest £500 for the benefit of the poor and aged in the parish of Hambledon; and bequeaths to the Royal National Life-Boat Institution £1000 for a life-boat (to be called The Rescue) and life-boat house, to be placed on the east coast of England, not less than one hundred miles from the mouth of the Humber; to the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, £500; and annuities to old servants. He leaves all other moneys to his wife, daughter, and granddaughter.

The will (dated Feb. 24, 1893) of Mr. George Burnley, late of Heckmondwike, Yorkshire, merchant and manufacturer, who died on Oct. 4, was proved on Dec. 9 by John William Burnley and Ernest Gladstone Burnley, the sons, and Thomas Howard, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £34,000. The testator bequeaths £150 each to the Heckmondwike Ministers' Association and the Dewsbury Ministers' Association; £150 to the chairman and members of the Board of Health for the district of Heckmondwike, or to the Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses of the corporate borough of Heckmondwike in case the same shall have been incorporated, upon trust to expend £15 in the month of November in each year, until the whole of the said sum

shall be expended, in the purchase of coals to be distributed at their discretion among the deserving poor of the said township; his household furniture and effects to his five children: £100 each to his executors; £3500 to his son Arthur Firth; and £3500 each upon trust for his daughters, Florence Edith Bruce, and Annie Elizabeth Senior. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his sons John William and Ernest Gladstone.

The will (dated Aug. 7, 1891), with a codicil (dated March 16, 1893), of Miss Frances Ann Drake, late of 106, Hereford Road, Bayswater, who died on Oct. 24, was proved on Dec. 5 by Miss Sibella Frances Drake and Miss Marian Alice Drake, the nieces, the executrices, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £27,000. The testatrix gives £2000 each to her said nieces; £2000 to Henry Harcourt Drake; £3000, upon trust, for Mrs. Laura Augusta Drake, for life, and then for Frances Mervyn Drake; £1000 each to Mrs. Charlotte Augusta Mary Drake, William Henry Roger Drake, and Francis Richard Harcourt Drake; her freehold property, known as Edgecombe, Ashford, Devon; to the said Sibella Frances Drake; and other legacies. The residue of her property she leaves to her nieces, the said Sibella Frances Drake and Marian Alice Drake.

The will (dated May 16, 1885), with a codicil (dated Oct. 16, 1890), of Mr. William Greenwood, late of Oxenhope, Haworth, Bradford, Yorkshire, manufacturer of worsted goods, who died on Oct. 29, was proved on Dec. 11 by James Frederick Greenwood, the nephew and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £25,000. The testator bequeaths such of his furniture and effects as she may select to his sister, Sarah Greenwood; £8000, upon trust, to pay £120 per annum to his said sister, and, subject thereto, for all the children of his late brother John Richardson Greenwood, of his brother George Greenwood, and of his late nephew Joseph Greenwood, in equal shares, per capita; and £100 each to his niece and nephew Alice Richardson Fawcett and William Lambert. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he gives to his nephew, the said James Frederick Greenwood.

The will (dated Aug. 16, 1893) of Mr. John Gadsby, formerly of Manchester, and of Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, and late of 12, Cambridge Road, Brighton, who died on Oct. 12, was proved on Dec. 9 by Richard Shillingford, Robert Josiah Hinton, and Mrs. Emily Gadsby, the widow, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £24,000. The testator gives £50 each to his executors Mr. Shillingford and Mr. Hinton; his furniture and household effects to his wife; 17, 17½, and 18 Bouverie Street, upon trust, for the widow and children (except John) of his late son William; and his freehold property in Pall Mall, Manchester, to his granddaughters Bessie Mary Gee and Amy Margaret Gee. He directs his wife to reprint, publish, and sell during her life all his published works, and at her death gives all his stock of hymns and educational works, and the stereotype plates of same to the Gospel Standard Aid Society and the Gospel Standard Poor

Relief Society. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood; then, as to two thirds, for his descendants as she shall appoint, and, in default of appointment, to his son David, and as to one third for his said two granddaughters, the Misses Gee.

The will (dated Dec. 8, 1891) of Mr. Halford Wotton Hewitt, J.P., M.D., late of Lichfield, and of Marlborough Hill, St. John's Wood, who died on Nov. 8, was proved on Dec. 5 by Thomas Hewitt and George Henry Hewitt, the sons, and Edward Pearson, three of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £23,000. The testator gives £2000, upon trust, for Mrs. Eulogia Hewitt, the widow of his late son James, for life, and then for his said son's children or issue, as she shall appoint; and there are some specific gifts to children and a legacy to a servant. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, as to one fifth each for his sons Thomas and George Henry; and one fifth each for his daughters Fanny Anne Mackinder, Mary Eliza Young, and Maria Paulina Pearson, and their respective husbands and children.

The will (dated May 14, 1888) of Miss Louisa Bright, late of 23, Sussex Place, Regent's Park, who died on Oct. 18, was proved on Dec. 2 by John Edward Bright, the brother, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £17,000. The testatrix gives all her property to her brother and sister, John Edward Bright and Henrietta Cordelia Bright, as joint tenants.

The will of Mr. William Matheson Patterson, late of Liverpool, merchant, and of The Hollies, Rock Ferry, Cheshire, who died on Nov. 22, was proved on Dec. 5 by John Askew and Miss Elizabeth Mary Patterson, the sister, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £5963.

The will of Colonel Charles Robert Whitelock, late of Belle Hatch Park, Henley-on-Thames, who died on Aug. 2, was proved on Dec. 5 by Mrs. Anne Katharine Whitelock, the widow, and Richard Henry Anglin Whitelock, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £5014.

We are requested by a correspondent at Montreal to correct the statement, recently made, that the silly and disgraceful attempt to blow up the monument of Nelson with dynamite was the act of three officers of the Canadian militia. The three young men concerned in it, who were law students, had not the slightest connection either with the militia or with the volunteers; those forces are well known to be as loyal in Canada as in any part of the British Empire.

The Russian Government has begun constructing, at the Baltic shipbuilding yard on the Neva, two new cruisers of the Rurik type, which are to have a burden of over 12,000 tons, a speed of nineteen knots, and a large armament of guns and torpedo apparatus.

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Do they then wear them out by this constant friction and drain?

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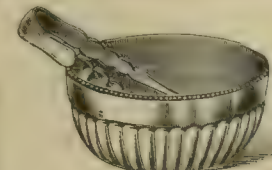


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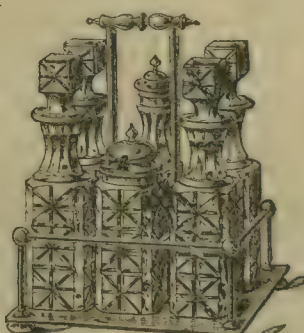
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OBITUARY.

VISCOUNT STRATHALLAN.

James David Drummond, Viscount Strathallan, died at his residence, Machany House, Perthshire, on Dec. 5. The deceased Peer, who was born Oct. 23, 1839, was eldest son of William Henry, ninth Viscount Strathallan, representative of a junior branch of the Drummonds, Lords Drummond. Viscount Strathallan was a Representative Peer for Scotland and a J.P. and D.L. for the county of Perth. In 1882 he retired from the Army with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. Lord Strathallan was twice married: first, Feb. 11, 1868, to Ellen, daughter of Mr. Cudbert B. Thornhill, who died June 5, 1873; and secondly, Oct. 27, 1875, to Margaret, eldest daughter of Mr. William Smythe, of Methven Castle, in the county of



Perth, who survives him. By his first wife he leaves an eldest son, William Huntley, Master of Strathallan, a lieutenant 3rd Battalion Black Watch, who succeeds to his title.

LORD CLONBROCK.

Robert Dillon, Baron Clonbrock, died at his residence, Clonbrock, county Galway, on Dec. 4, at the advanced age of eighty-six. Lord Clonbrock, who was born March 29, 1807, was eldest son of Luke, second Baron Clonbrock, a descendant of the Dillons of Dromrany, county Westmeath, from which noble family the Dillons, Viscounts Dillon, and the Dillons, Earls of Roscommon, are also descended. The late Lord Clonbrock was elected a Representative Peer, and was Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum for his county. He married June 15,



1830, Caroline Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Francis Almeric, first Lord Churchill, and this lady died Dec. 17, 1864. His second, but eldest surviving son, the Hon. Luke Gerald Dillon, formerly in the Diplomatic Service, born March 10, 1834, succeeds to the title. The present Peer married, July 18, 1866, the Hon. Augusta Caroline, only daughter of Edward Lord Crofton, and has issue.

SIR ROBERT LYNCH-BLOSSE, BART.

Sir Robert Lynch-Blosse, Baronet, died at his residence, Athavallie, county Mayo, on Dec. 3. This baronetcy is one of the few still existing of the creation of James I. Sir Robert, who was born Feb. 15, 1825, married, March 31, 1853, Lady Harriet Browne, fourth daughter of the late Marquis of Sligo, who survives him, and leaves, with other issue, an eldest son, Henry, born in 1857, who succeeds to the baronetcy.



THE RIGHT REV. DR. EDWARD TROLLOPE.

The Right Rev. Edward Trollope, D.D., Bishop Suffragan of Nottingham, died on Dec. 10. Dr. Trollope was son of Sir John Trollope, Bart., and uncle to the present Baron Kesteven. He was consecrated Bishop-

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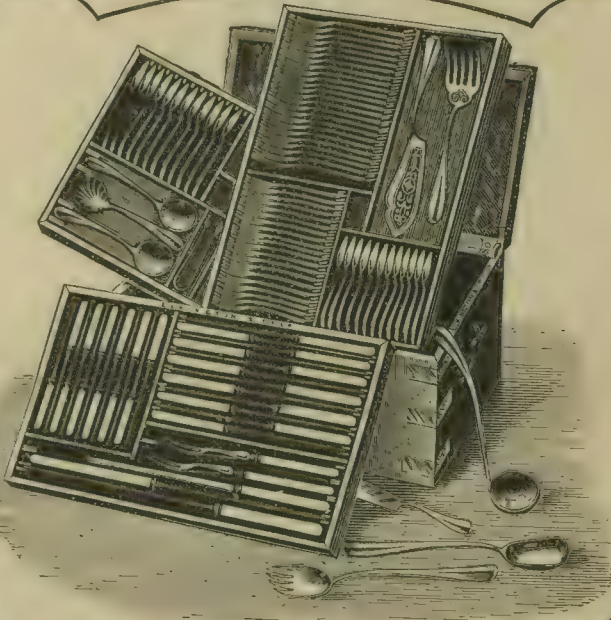
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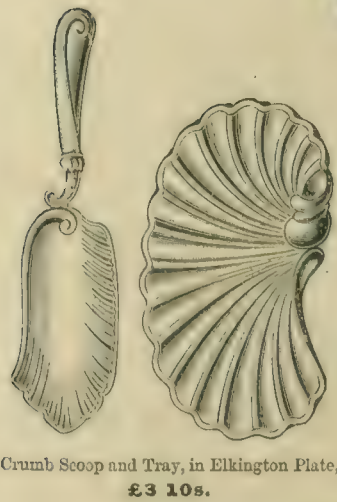
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Suffragan of Nottingham in 1877, having previously, in 1843, been appointed rector of Leasingham, and in 1867 Archdeacon of Stow. His Lordship, who was born April 15, 1817, married, first, Sept. 30, 1846, Grace, daughter of Sir John H. Palmer, Bart., of Carlton, and by that lady, who died in 1890, leaves issue two daughters. He married, secondly, Louisa Helen, daughter of the Rev. H. B. S. Harris, M.A.

SIR JOHN DON-WAUCHOPE.

Sir John Don-Wauchope, Bart., died at his residence in Edinburgh on Dec. 12. Sir John succeeded to the baronetcy on the death of his kinsman, Sir William Henry Don, seventh Baronet. The late Baronet assumed the additional surname of Don in 1862, being descended from Sir Alexander Don, who was created a baronet shortly after the Restoration. Sir John, who was born July 10, 1816, was son of Mr. John Wauchope of Edmonstone. He was appointed in 1863 chairman of the General Board of Commissioners in Lunacy for Scotland, and in 1872 chairman of the Board of Education there. He married, 1853, Bertha Hamilton, eldest daughter of Mr. Andrew Buchanan, and granddaughter of Mr. David Buchanan of Drumpellier, Lanarkshire, and leaves an eldest son, John Douglas Don-Wauchope, B.A., late Lieutenant Royal Scots, born Sept. 15, 1859, who now succeeds to the baronetcy.

SIR JAMES HAY LANGHAM, BART.

Sir James Hay Langham, Bart., of Cottesbrooke Park, in the county of Northampton, died at 25, Palmeira Square, Brighton, on Dec. 13. He succeeded to the title on the death of his father, Sir James Langham, tenth Baronet, in April 1833. The late Baronet, who was born Nov. 13, 1802, claimed to descend from Henry de Langham (Rutlandshire), living in the time of Edward I. The deceased was Colonel late of the 5th Battalion Royal Irish Regiment. He married, June 8, 1828, the Hon. Margaret Emma Kenyon (who died on Feb. 3 following), but leaves no issue. The title devolves upon his nephew, Mr. Herbert Hay Langham, late Lieutenant 1st Life Guards, who was born April 28, 1840.

THE EARL OF BECTIVE.

The Earl of Bective died at Underley Hall, Westmoreland, on Dec. 15. He was the eldest son and heir-apparent of the Marquis of Headfort, K.P., P.C., by Amelia, his first wife, only child of Mr. William Thompson, of Underley Hall, having been born on Feb. 11, 1844. Lord Bective was a magistrate, Deputy Lieutenant, and (in 1868) High Sheriff of Westmoreland, honorary Colonel of the 4th Battalion of the Border Regiment, and from 1871 to 1892 representative in Parliament for Westmoreland. He

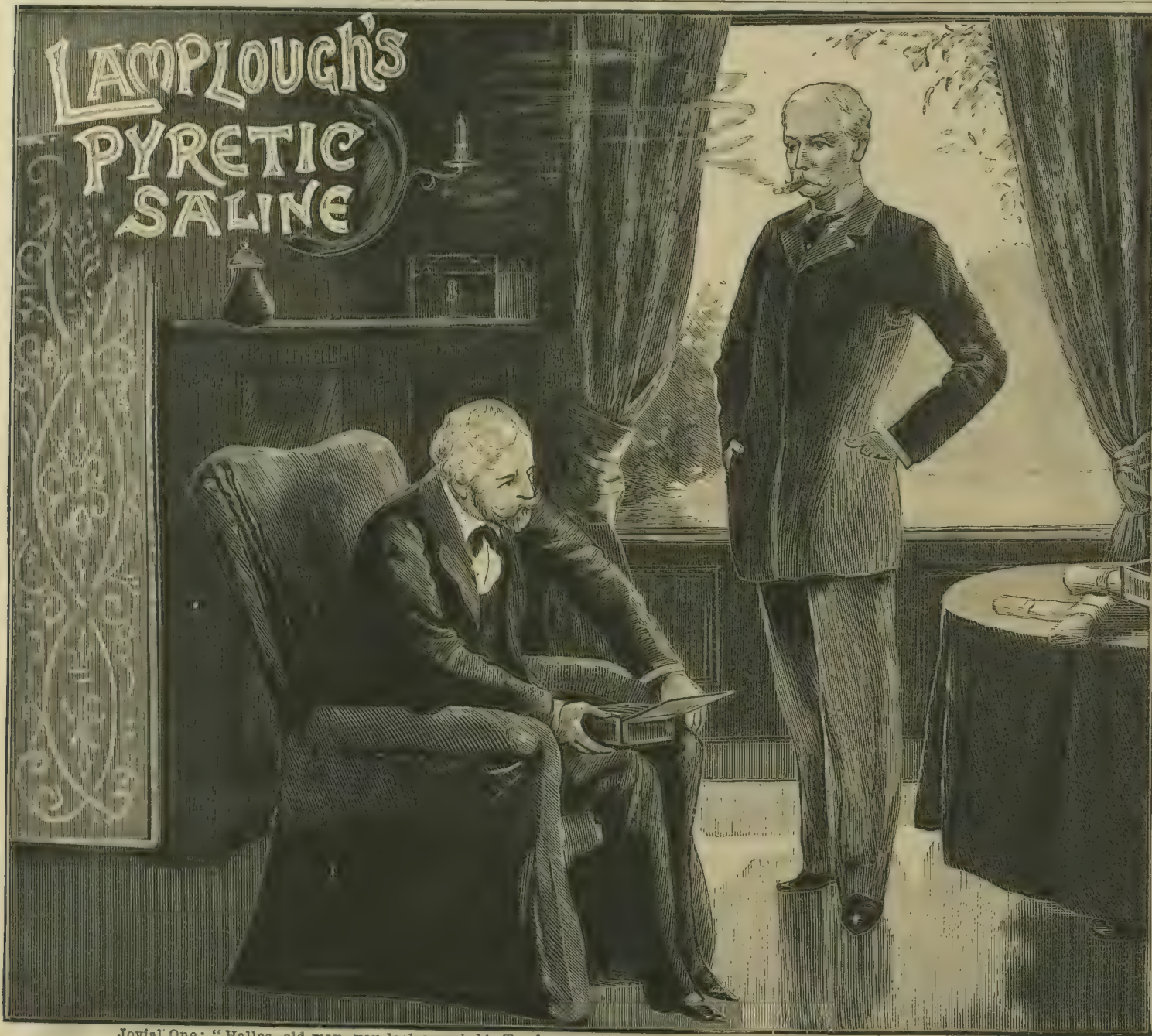
married, Oct. 9, 1867, Lady Alice Maria Hill, daughter of the fourth Marquis of Downshire, by whom he had two daughters. The heir-apparent to the Marquisate of Headfort is now Lord Bective's half-brother, Geoffrey Thomas, born June 12, 1878.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Hon. Robert Preston Bruce, at Edinburgh, on Dec. 8. Mr. Bruce, who was second son of James Earl of Elgin, K.T., was M.P. for West Fife from 1885 to 1889, having previously represented Fifeshire in Parliament. He was a D.L. for the county and at one time a captain in the Fife Artillery Militia.

Jane Anna Eliza, widow of Sir James Power, Bart., of Edermine, county Wexford, and daughter and co-heiress of Mr. John Hyacinth Talbot of Castle Talbot, county Wexford, on Nov. 29.

Admiral Sir John Corbett, K.C.B., of Horstead House, Norfolk, on Dec. 10, at 44, Roland Gardens, S.W. The deceased, who was son of the late Mr. Uvedale Corbett, was born July 15, 1822, and married, in 1854, Georgina Grace, daughter of Mr. George J. Holmes. He entered the Royal Navy in 1837, and served his country with distinction, being promoted Admiral in 1879. Sir John, who was Aide-de-camp to the Queen for seven years prior to 1875, was a magistrate for Norfolk.



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MUSIC.

The "Messiah," without a "cut," was the rare but appropriate task taken in hand by the pupils of the Guildhall School of Music for the close of the Christmas term. The performance came off at St. James's Hall on Thursday evening, Dec. 14, and, reckoning in the brief interval, it occupied exactly three hours and a half. Sir Joseph Barnby took everything at a much brisker pace than usual, but nevertheless contrived to get some excellent work out of his fresh, well-trained choir. The orchestra contained a few professional players, but by far the greater number were students. The able manner in which they acquitted themselves and added to the general excellence of the performance reflected great honour upon the school.

The last Popular Concert before Christmas took place on Monday, Dec. 18, when the programme consisted almost exclusively of modern compositions. It opened with

Dvorák's string quartet in B flat, a great favourite with amateurs, the interpretation of which, at the hands of Lady Hallé, Messrs. Ries, Gibson, and Whitehouse, was altogether beyond reproach. The same artists—Mr. Leonard Borwick taking the place of Mr. Ries—were associated in the closing item of the concert—namely, Brahms's fine pianoforte quartet in C minor, Op. 60, which, strangely enough, had never been repeated at the "Pops" since its introduction in 1876. Here, again, the audience found material for a thorough treat. Mr. Borwick was heard alone in Schumann's pianoforte sonata in F sharp minor, Op. 11 (recently played by M. Paderewski), and the young English pianist gave a remarkably bold and vigorous reading of this characteristic but unequal work, his display of technique being masterly in the extreme. Madame Frances Saville, who had sung with success at the last Saturday concert, was again the vocalist on this occasion, Mr. Bird officiating as usual at the piano.

The Royal Academy students' concert, marking the end of the term, took place at St. James's Hall on Tuesday

afternoon, Dec. 19. Included in the scheme was a dramatic scena entitled, "Alkestis," by Reginald Steggall, a young musician of considerable promise. His treatment of a somewhat ambitious subject (the requisite voice supplied by Mr. Granville Bantock) showed strong dramatic feeling, alike in the declamatory part for the solo voice and in picturesque, highly coloured orchestration. The former was intelligently rendered by Miss Edith M. Hands. A second novelty by a student came later on in the shape of a couple of movements from a ballet suite by Hermann F. Lühr. Of these an andante of slightly Spanish character proved the more acceptable. The pianists of the afternoon were Miss Sybil Palliser, Mr. Harold E. Macpherson, and Mr. Fritz W. Read, the young lady greatly distinguishing herself by a charming performance of Henselt's concerto in F minor. Miss Gertrude Collins was over-weighted in Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole" for violin, but she has ability. Miss Minnie Robinson and Mr. Philip Brozel gave evidence of careful vocal training. Dr. Mackenzie conducted the Academy orchestra with his habitual judgment.

BIRTH.

On Dec. 13, at Etrick Tower, Marchiston, Edinburgh, the wife of J. C. Stretell Miller, Writer to the Signet, of a son.

DEATH.

On Dec. 16, at his residence, 711, Wandsworth Road, S.W., Thomas Danson, scenic artist, in his 61th year.

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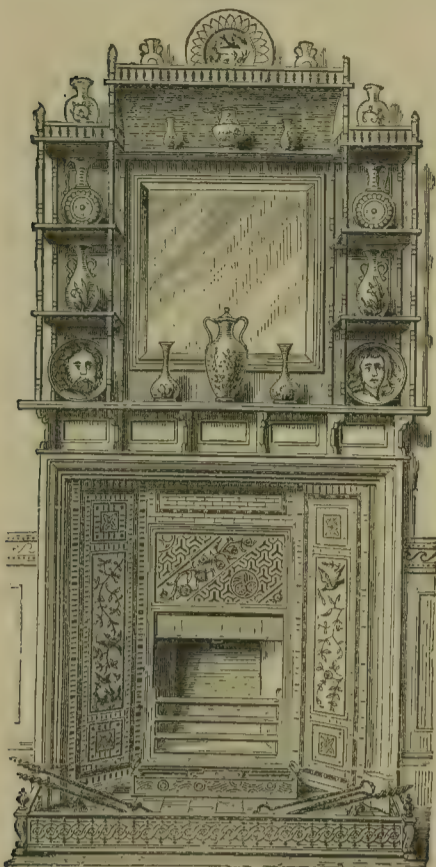
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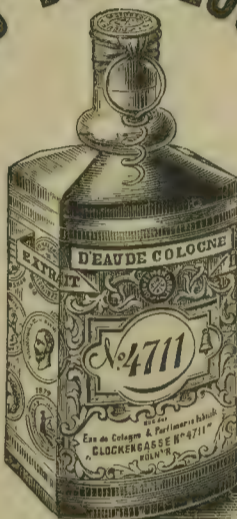
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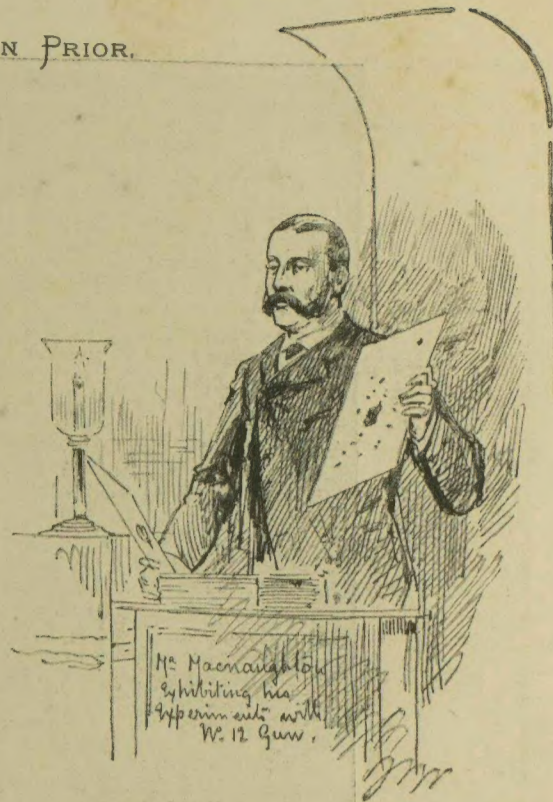
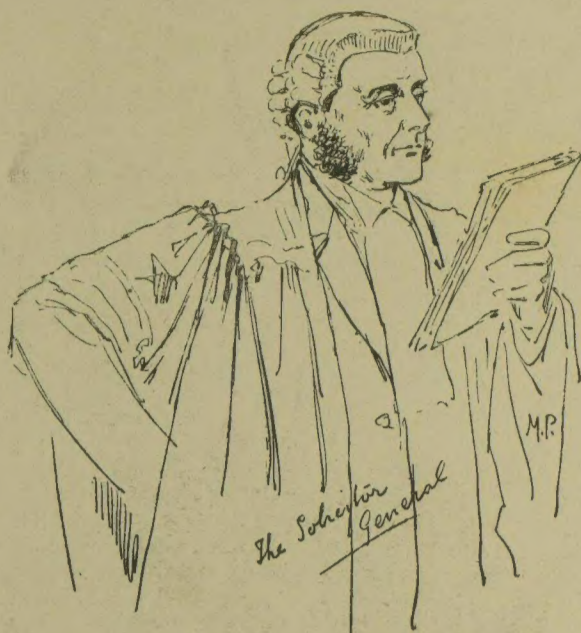
THE ARDLAMONT CASE.

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

When the great trial under Lord Kingsburgh, the Lord Justice Clerk, began on Dec. 12, despite the array of



counsel, which included, it will be remembered, the Solicitor-General, Mr. Asher, M.P., and Messrs. Strachan, Reid, Lorimer, and Baxter for the Crown, and Messrs. Comrie Thomson, J. Wilson, and W. Findlay for the prisoner, it was confidently asserted that it would be finished within the week, and yet we find ourselves going to press again before the issue of this tremendous affair is known. The proportions



assumed by the trial make it one of the most interesting cases of the century, as well as one of the longest criminal proceedings on record in Scotland. Such excitement has been caused by it that in order to gain admittance to the crowded court, worthy citizens of the modern Athens have disguised themselves as advocates, and it is even pretended that one lady endeavoured to win her way by putting on wig, gown, dress coat, white necktie, and the necessary etcetera of professional costume; yet, but for the energy of the newspapers in giving accounts before the trial, it may be doubted whether many of the audience or even of the collection of respectable tradesmen raised from obscurity to the painful fame of jurorship for several days could have clearly understood the drift of much of the matter. Without any statement beyond the bald indictment to guide them as to the ground-plan of the case, the laymen have been left to put into form the huge mass of evidence presented by the Crown. A puzzling mass it is, full of pregnant matter, and not watered down, as would be the case in England, by constant quarrels about leading questions and long-drawn cross-examination as to credit.

A bird's-eye view of the case shows that it really shapes itself into four heads. First, there is the matter by which the Crown seeks to prove that the prisoners—Monson, who stands his trial, and Scott, Sweeney, or Davis, who has

fled, and is now outlawed—endeavoured to drown young Hambrough by cutting a hole in M'Kellar's boat, plugging it, and removing the plug when the lad, who could not swim, and Monson, who was thoroughly at home in the sea, were out in deep water. On this head the evidence

happened in which a luckless homicide per misadventure, fearful of suspicion if he told the truth, has given a false account, and, being afterwards refuted by facts and convicted of falsehood, has swung for a crime that he never committed. However, in the Ardlamont case there are no signs that the prisoner's counsel will attempt such a desperate defence.

To bring home the crime to the prisoner directly is the third head. On this point efforts are made to show that he has given accounts of the catastrophe startlingly at variance with the facts, and that he has not "stuck to his story." His statement that the body was found in a ditch is met by the fact that witness after witness has said there were no signs of the corpse having fallen into it, and that there were no marks of the blood that oozed from the wound save on the turf dyke. Then comes the medical evidence that the lad literally "fell in his tracks." The topography, the rowan-tree that stands in court, bound with the red tape that lawyers love, and studded with bits of paper which have a grim suggestion of curl-papers, and show where the shots struck, go to prove that he was shot from the opening over the whin-bush, and that in the words of Deborah, "where he bowed there he fell down dead." The pieces of bone found on the dyke are strongly in confirmation of



WITNESSES WAITING TO BE CALLED.

goes chiefly to show that someone made an irregular hole in an unusual place in the boat, without the authority of its owner, and that the rock on which it was said by Monson that they capsized has no existence.

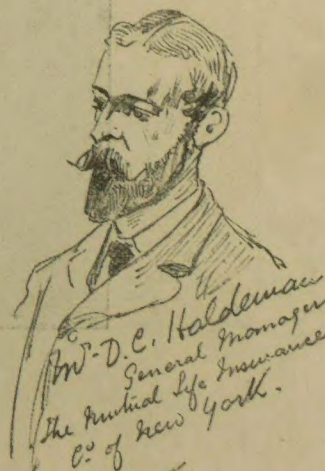
The second head is very serious, as it goes to the question whether young Hambrough died wilfully or accidentally by his own hand, or whether he was shot intentionally or through a misadventure by someone else. On this point the case of the prosecution seems strong. There is the terrible testimony of the gunmakers and the doctors that from an examination of the skull, from numerous experiments by shooting at cardboard, and even from the ghastly trials on dead bodies in the mortuary, they are certain that the dead man did not fire the fatal shot. It came from a distance of not less than nine feet, they say, and you cannot get the muzzle of your gun more than a few inches away and yet pull the trigger. The direction of the shot was such that it could not have been fired from below, but must have come from a gun held almost horizontally. Now, no trace exists of any apparatus such as must have been used had young Hambrough carefully arranged to shoot himself. There is, of course, open the suggestion that someone shot him by accident. No doubt cases have

the story, and show that the prisoner's tale was untrue on this head. Then, again, it is testified by the father of the poor boy that he was told by Monson that only Cecil carried a gun that day; to other witnesses accounts were given of the affair which do not tally with one another. "I was told," said one witness, "by Monson that Cecil had gone out shooting with some fellow-officers." Of course, one cannot prejudge the defence, but it may be guessed that it will suggest that such discrepancies are rather a proof of good faith than of an ill-concocted story. There exists a book, "Blunt's Undesigned Scriptural Coincidences," which seeks to prove the genuineness of the Scriptures by dwelling on the small discrepancies, and arguing that they would not occur in a concocted work, and no doubt the theory has a great deal of weight.

There are also inaccurate statements of the accused that seem pertinent to the fourth head—the matter of motive. It appears to be almost certain that he made mis-statements to the father and others as to the amount of the insurances when speaking shortly after the death, and made them with the idea of preventing it from appearing that he could have



MR. MONSON IN COURT.



The Jury.

Mr. Asher, Solicitor-General.

The Lord Justice Clerk.

Mr. James Brand, the first Witness.



Mr. Monro.

Mr. Sheriff Conrie Thomson.

Mr. Monro's Solicitor.

The Chief Constable.

THE ARDLAMONT CASE.—SCENE IN THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICIARY, EDINBURGH: THE LORD JUSTICE CLERK ADMINISTERING THE OATH

had any benefit from the accident. Now, no one can pretend to see clearly to what all the evidence as to

motive really amounts, but one fact stands out. The death occurred immediately after an insurance had been effected by young Hambrough for the large sum of £20,000, and assigned by him to Mrs. Monson. Even assuming that the assignment was really bad in law, it is hard to believe that the prisoner, who arranged the matter, knew of its invalidity. So anxious was he to arrange this insurance that, in order to get the money to pay the premium, Monson made inaccurate representations to Mr. Tottenham as to the negotiations for the purchase of Ardlamont.

This fact as to £20,000 insurance would be more weighty did it not seem a mere episode in some of the most curious finan-

cial transactions on record. First, we have Major Hambrough, the unhappy father, that though nominal owner of estates of £5000 a year he had to seek the financial aid of Monson, and even received money in trifling sums from him; and then it appears that the prisoner himself was an undischarged bankrupt, in whose house money was sometimes so scarce that even the pawnbroker's aid had to be sought. However, there seems no need to dwell on this part of the case, or even on serious charges of forgery made against the prisoner in relation to it. The one important fact is the completed insurance for £20,000, and it will require all the skill of the defence to prevent the full establishment of "motive."

In addition to evidence on these four heads, witnesses have been called, without complete success, to establish the identity of Scott with Edward Sweeney, the man who certainly at one time was on very friendly terms with Monson, though clearly a person of humble station. Scott, it appeared, dropped his "h's," wherefore one witness assumed that he was a Londoner. If the deduction were true, what a colossal population "the little village" would have! However, the inelastic procedure of Scotland prevented a photograph from being used because due notice was not given, and so absolute identification was impossible, while a question that might have cleared up the mystery was disallowed on technical grounds. As to excluding the photograph, one cannot help making the remark that the Scotch system gives too much "law" to the prisoner—using the word in the sporting sense. We in England, out of a sentimental feeling of humanity,

put great obstacles in the way of the prosecution, but in Scotland they go still further. The fact that the verdict of a bare majority may convict seems hard on the accused, but in truth, when the question of guilt is so nice, "Not proven" is always returned as a compromise.

The defence has opened very quietly, with evidence on

opinions, which always proves so puzzling to laymen. on the question, Was the death from accident or design, and where did it occur? Moreover, the defence will try to combat the matter of motive by the suggestion that the final insurance was part of the complicated schemes for dealing with the Hambrough estates, and will rely on one of the Crown witnesses to show that, assuming the prisoner possessed the great influence over the lad that the prosecution alleges, he had more to lose than gain by the death. The value put on the boy's expectations was based on the assumption that the family property brought in about £4000 a year, and that young Hambrough had a chance of inheriting Pipewall Hall, worth another £2000.

Mr. David Deuchar, the actuary, came to the conclusion that when of age, without the aid of his father the boy could have raised about £26,000, and with his assistance twice that amount. The defence suggests that this is an undervaluation. Now, it seems a fair argument that a man capable of the crime would have considered it better policy to run no risk, but wait till the youth came of age—only a few months—and then get him to realise and help him to spend the money. Such arguments, no doubt, are dangerous if presented to logical minds, but where a set of middle-class laymen have been listening for ten days of nine hours each to complex evidence, to the conflicting opinions of experts, and to the antagonistic speeches of counsel, one cannot tell what arguments may weigh in their minds. Indeed, it is not unlikely in such a case that some matter deemed unimportant by both sides may prove decisive.

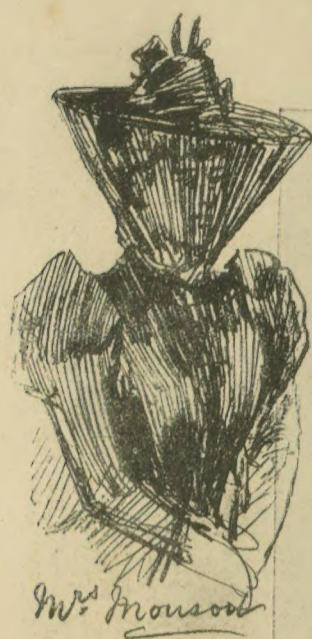
The evidence of Dr. Matthew Hay, the first witness called on Wednesday, Dec. 20, presented quite new views with regard to the shot-marks on the trees around the spot where Cecil Hambrough was killed, and tended to throw doubt on the theory of the prosecution concerning the point from which he had been fired at. Dr. Hay, on Sept. 14, carefully examined the marks on the trees, which were ten on a rowan-tree, eight on a lime-tree, and three on a beech-tree, spreading widely. He considers that they were made by pellets fired at a distance of 50 ft. or 60 ft., and that the marks were two or three months old, whereas only about five weeks had elapsed, at the time when he saw them, since the death of Cecil Hambrough.

As the case stands, without attempting to prejudice the opinion that the Crown is to the boating accident, strong on the point

MR. MONSON LEAVING THE COURT.

the financial question, the exact drift of which is not clear, since the vital point on this head seems to be whether the prisoner got young Hambrough to effect the £20,000 insurance a few days before his death and assign it to Mrs. Monson. However, it is clear that the defence will fight almost every point of the Crown's case, for among the twenty witnesses to be called for the prisoner are Dr. Hay, Professor of Medical Jurisprudence at Aberdeen University, and other medical men; Mr. Tom Speedy, an expert on shooting matters; and some gunmakers. No doubt there will be the conflict of expert

defence, one may offer the opinion that the death was not accidental, and powerful in the matter of motive. As to the force of the connection between the prisoner and the death no one would voluntarily come to any conclusion.



Mrs. Monson

